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A SUNDAY AT THE CATSKILLS.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

Commenced the day, in accordance with the rule of the Methodist Discipline, by rising at four o'clock. Usually I severely "mend" this rule; on this occasion I kept it, and for good reason. I wanted to see the lighting up on the morning of the Lord's day of that glorious temple walled in at the east by the Green and Berkshire mountains and at the west by the Catskills and Adirondacks—a vast and glorious sanctuary, through which from north to south winds the majestic Hudson, like the stream that makes glad the city of our God.

The floor of this sanctuary is carpeted with emerald, wrinkled here and there into billowy undulations and ornamented with an innumerable variety of figures, most very irregular in outline, some geometrical in exactness, embroidered with the silvery tracery of innumerable streams and jeweled more richly than the raiment of a queen. In this sublime amphitheatre are congregated hundreds of villages, towns and cities.

The magnificent spectacle was proceeding from splendor to splendor when I gained the rock platform in front of the Mountain House. The floor of the temple lay two thousand feet below me. Its arched roof was glowing with gold and crimson. A line of fire blazed on the summits of the eastern mountains. A few moments more, and the fields of Connecticut, the western slopes of Massachusetts, the verdant undulations of Vermont, the clustering cities of New York, laughed in the light of the fully risen sun; ten thousand dwellings far and near sparkled like diamonds; the crooked Hudson shone revealed for sixty miles, spanned directly before me by a bridge of solid gold; cloud angels gently fluttered their golden wings as they sped across the sky; a hundred adoring mountains like glorified satins were crowned with light. The gentle murmur of the valleys and the forests, like the faraway sound of many waters, sung God's praise in tones of celestial harmony that made the soul tremble with awe and gladness.

Four young people sat near me. When day had thus wonderfully dawned, they sang, not loudly, but almost as softly as the morning zephyr, as became the hour and the scene, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." They had risen more than an hour before, and walked three miles from another hotel to behold the sunrise from this platform. Three of them were young ladies.

After breakfast, as I walked up the winding path leading to the top of South Mountain, at the charming look known as Lover's Retreat I came upon a young man who sat upon the root of a tree reading forcefully a manuscript sermon to a lady, apparently an interested listener, who sat beside him. My approach did not embarrass him in the least, and as I continued slowly on my winding way, I heard the conclusion of the discourse. My first impression had been that he was to be the preacher of the morning—for there was to be a service in the parlor at eleven—and I wondered at the coolness with which he rehearsed his sermon in a spot so much frequented. But I was undeceived when after reading sonorously the eloquent closing passages, he exclaimed, "What a splendid discourse! By the Rev. Charles Hawley, D.D.; and he's to preach in the parlor this morning." A little party of strollers just then drew near, and he cried out to them boisterously, "By golly, if you had come a few minutes before, you might have heard a sermon." Was he a theological student?

The morning service was every way delightful. Some two hundred guests were assembled in the spacious apartment. Some sweet voices and a good organ led the singing. My thoughts reverted to many blessed morning hours at Dr. Strong's. Bonar's sublime hymn of praise, with which the service opened, never seemed more appropriate:—

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity."

A Philadelphia clergyman read remarkably distinctly the morning ser-

vice of the Episcopal Church, and Dr. Hawley, of the Auburn Theological Seminary, preached a sermon eminently practical, sound and suggestive, the rhetoric of which was as chaste as it was beautiful. Our enthusiastic young friend was among the rapt listeners, and doubtless voted this sermon also "a splendid discourse." In so doing he made no mistake.

Dr. Hawley is as fond of the Catskills as Dr. Cuyler is of Saratoga, and no one knows better than he the cliffs and defiles and romantic footpaths of the mountains. His face is as rosy as though the waters of Hygeia Spring, on the side of South Mountain, supposed to be his favorite drink, were mixed with wine.

In the latter part of the afternoon, in company with a clerical friend from Jersey City, I took a quiet stroll over the top of the mountain to Sunset Rock and Inspiration Point, most appropriately named. The sky had been overcast for some hours; but when on our way back we had reached Star Rock, at the summit, we were suddenly bathed in a flood of western sunshine. We turned and looked back. The level rays brightened the lofty mountain summits, and dark shadows filled the valleys. Gradually the glowing luminary sank from sight, and the curtains of cloud that overhung the west burned with gold, crimson and purple. The king of day went royally to his rest.

A social and hearty service of song in the large parlor in the evening was a very pleasing and appropriate close to a day of rest and enjoyment and of many grand emotions. Such a day of rest and religious meditation amid the beauty, the silence and the grandeur of these mountains, is a lofty privilege, and one that should leave a deep and profitable impression on both mind and heart.

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Catskill Mountain House.

FROM THE GERMAN "CITY OF LIME TREES."

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

"The Leipzigers I hate as I hate nothing else under the sun, so great is the pride, the arrogance, the brutal violence and the spirit of greed among them. God may have mercy upon the good; but cursed be that city forever!" This is a mild translation of Luther's opinion of Leipzig, as given in a letter to his friend Johann Lange; from which we may fairly conclude that the mass of the opponents whom he found there, were far less respected foes to the cause of the Reformation than the famous Eck, with whom he held his dispute in this same city.

Three centuries have passed since Luther invoked that bitter malediction. Leipzig still flourishes. Not because the sins which the bold Reformer lashed have held their pre-eminence, but because his doctrines have achieved the mastery over the once sordid and unbelieving heart of Leipzig. There is now but one church that gives allegiance to the Pope, in the city; all the others are Lutheran, or at least anti-papal. The University which stands in the centre of the busiest life of the town, is at this time, the stronghold of German orthodox theology. Delitzsch, and Kahnis, and Luthardt, a noble triumvirate, are within this citadel, defending the faith roundly and wisely against the keen attacks of modern criticism. If Napoleon's invasion of the city in 1813 had been its destruction, or if other earlier wars, which have drawn their deep seams across the face of Leipzig, had laid it in ruins, the literal prayer of Luther would perhaps have been answered. But the providential answer to that terrible petition has come. For it is the sin and crime of the world that God punishes. If it was for this that Luther invoked God's wrath—that infidelity and worldliness and unholy living might forever be subject to the divine displeasure, and that truth and holiness might triumph in their place—then the Reformer's real

wish is coming to fulfillment; Leipzig transformed is infinitely better than Leipzig blighted and ruined. A positive, vigorous, evangelical faculty in theology, in a University of three thousand students, is certainly one of the signs of the times, which tells Germany and the world that God is defending the centres. When the Elijahs lose courage, and the Luthers grow impatient in the face of opposition, God serenely and wonderfully works out His own counsels, and reveals His purpose to crush out the wrong by establishing the truth.

Prof. Luthardt is a man of commanding stature and voice. His face is strong and benignant in expression. Whether in the pulpit or in his desk at the University, his manner of address is magnetic and holds the earnest attention of his hearers. Some of his books are well known in America; and others, still untranslated, ought to be put into English and read by our people, especially the latest publication from his pen—*Moderne Weltanschauungen*. This book is a series of lectures which were given before large audiences in Leipzig last winter, and which treat with a broad intelligence and a clear, ethical judgment the questions of rationalism, pantheism and materialism, in their practical effects upon the moral and social life of Germany. This book fastens attention on some of the radical dangers that threaten the stability and welfare of the empire—frivolity, practical atheism, intemperance, licentiousness. His denunciations of intemperance are strong; but he is not radical enough; he does not inculcate total abstinence. A friend said to me lately, "It would be cruel to rob the German of his beer." Perhaps this eminent Professor of Christian morals thinks likewise; and therefore lays upon the German conscience simply this measuring rod: "Let your moderation be known;" considering this as "apostolic" against intemperance, as for the regulation of matters of conduct in things less essential. We can only say, Luther did not finish the work of reforming Europe. He did his peculiar task like a hero. But there are still some traits fastened upon this people, reformed from Romish errors of doctrine, which are signs of disease in their practical life, and which ought to be eradicated before Lutherans fold their arms and think Luther's work, and the work of the faith he preached, is done.

Madam De Staël makes a significant remark in her *L'Allemagne*—a book that treats of German character and life with appreciative criticism. "One is continually struck," she says, "with the contrast that exists in Germany between sentiments and habits, talents and tastes; civilization and nature do not seem to be well amalgamated yet." One cannot pass a day in contact with the actual life of Germany without observing these contradictions. Germany is chivalrous. Very much that was noble and gallant in the times of knight-errantry still lives in the German heart. But Germany yokes her women to dog carts, loads upon her shoulders the burdensome products for the markets, asks her to sow and reap the fields, and by ministerial prohibition excludes her from these University privileges which are the very crowning of German civilization. Another contradiction that is apparent to the most casual observer is this: The Germans are doing the thinking for the world in several important domains. They are pre-eminent for intellectual honesty and thoroughness. They have the patience and courage to follow tirelessly the most recondite paths of metaphysical and philosophical research. The Germans have also keen aesthetic tastes, displayed not only in the conspicuous galleries, and made apparent in public buildings and monuments, but seen also in the commonest household life of the peasant—flowers in the windows, trim, pretty gardens, simple, inexpensive adornments, that reveal everywhere a national taste for the beautiful.

Over against these intellectual excellences one must notice the sensuousness that prevails so widely. The food is generally coarse. The drinking of beer by men, women and children, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, is something enormous. Churches are sparsely attended on Sunday; beer-gardens are crowded. No nation understands more about

the human intellect than this; none enjoys more keenly and devotedly the pleasures of sense. The German student carries with pride the scars of a duel with swords in the *Mensur*; but he is glad to refrain from insulting an American, who, as the notion is, would be likely to answer a challenge with a sound thrashing.

Perchance it is this very contradictoriness of the German character that makes it such an interesting study. There is so much human nature here; life is so abundant, hearty, virile, that it is not strange that these opposites should appear. There are forces at work which must carry away at length the dangerous antagonisms, and leave the German race to exhibit to the world a pure, strong and harmonious variety in a thoroughly Christian civilization.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF WOMAN.

I.

BY MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON.

In a late number of the *North American Review*, Miss M. A. Hardaker contributes a paper entitled, "The Ethics of Sex;" an essay whose substance has little or nothing to do with ethics; an essay written, also, from what is evidently intended to be an exclusively scientific point of view, hence hard, narrow, partial; in a word, permeated by scientific bigotry. No subject save a technically scientific one—modes for the polarization of light, for example—can be fully treated in an exclusively scientific manner. We are all of us willing to be enlightened as regards the bearings of chemistry and physiology upon the theme of temperance; but we wait at the same time to hear what can be said in a social, a humanitarian, a spiritual consideration of the theme. On the singular physical phenomena occasionally manifested at camp-meetings and revivals we lend an ear to the physician's and psychologist's explanations; we inquire seriously, also, for such data as may possibly be gathered by a reverent investigation of spiritual facts, and ask whether the divine Spirit does sometimes, in the present, overpower the human, "earthen vessel," as He laid low Saul of Tarsus in the year thirty-three.

In the hard, narrow, scientific manner Miss Hardaker follows her line of reflection, with a disconnectedness in no way scientific, but characteristically feminine, if the usual masculine judgment of feminine thinking be taken for granted. Her inferences and moralizings are thrown together heterogeneously, mingled with not a few questionable generalizations. Certain of her dozen pages present such evident contradictions that the reader is puzzled to decide whether her argument is a disparagement of the development of her sex, or whether it is to be tacitly recognized as a shrewd, covert plea for a Jesuitical disguise of disapproval.

Here and there in her essay this lady concedes to "women"—the name, we must bear in mind, includes the whole of the sex—a certain efficiency. She admits that they have been and are factors in civilization, to the extent of providing food and clothing for the race that includes themselves; and that they have aided in conserving the general health by service to the disabled. In the domestic and social departments of life, they have given rudimentary intellectual training, have developed aesthetics in dress, in household, and other decorations, and they have been, in these departments, the guardians of certain moral forces. She admits that "the comfort and beauty of every-day life," that is, of the domestic and social part of it, proclaim their success in these special, limited provinces. Her concession is just, but requires some qualification. In this later development of the capacities of women—a development that has been initiated within the memory of many of our readers—women have found they had not only a vast deal to learn, in their essentially feminine realm, but an equally vast deal to unlearn, to undo. The chemistry and physiology they were first taught within our recollection, has led them to regret their sins of ignorance in the bad cooking that

formerly all but ruined American men, and reduced them to a race of dyspeptics; the imperfect hygienic arrangements that produced numberless invalids and incalculable suffering. A century ago a woman instructed in chemistry would have been regarded suspiciously, like the "Latin-bred woman" of whom the mediaeval proverb bade all discreet folk beware. Against her would have been quoted Dr. Luther's dictum: "There is no gown so ill becomes a woman as when she will be wise;" or people would have eyed her curiously, somewhat amused, as Sam Johnson eyed a lady preacher. "She is like a little circus show-dog," he said. "'Tis hard to see him walk backward on his hind legs; and one is not so entertained at the performance, as he is in wonderment at how he can do it."

By her own efforts, linked with those to whom she is inseparable, true help-meet—scientific ladies and others are strongly inclined to overlook the second root of this significant compound—a goodly number of the women of Christendom are at present sufficiently enlightened in these directions of utilitarian knowledge to render the domestic life healthful, the social life beautiful. Of the natural sciences we have named, you will find, at present, teachers of either sex in all the advanced girls' institutions of education in the Republic. And this fact indicates an immense advance within the last two decades.

Miss Hardaker's assertions relating to women's efficiency in rudimentary intellectual training, and in the culture of aesthetics as applied to the toilet and to other domestic economy, we may notice in a future paper.

JOTTINGS AT A NORTHERN OUT-POST.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D.D.

My vacation rambles brought me to the head of navigation on the far-famed Saguenay, eighty miles north of the St. Lawrence. Landing at Chicoutimi, on Saturday, July 31, with no acquaintance with any individual, but curious to see this far-off region, and seeking to gain the recuperation which this cool latitude (48 1-2 degrees) might afford, I casually met, on the wharf, Rev. Mr. Morin, the young pastor of the Protestant congregation in the place, whose kindly attention I greatly enjoyed.

I found here a village of some two thousand inhabitants, and a parish township of about twice that number, the head of the county of Chicoutimi, with a large Catholic cathedral, a Catholic college, a court-house, and extensive lumbering mills. The language of the people is almost wholly French, and the religion is Roman Catholic, with a few slight exceptions. Seven Protestant families (two Presbyterian, one Methodist, and several Episcopal) constitute the Protestant population of this town, and in the whole county, with a population of thirty thousand, there are only seventeen Protestant families. Accepting an invitation to preach, I addressed an audience of thirty-five, deeply impressed with the thought that I was upon the most remote out-post of Protestantism, north of the St. Lawrence, until we reach the Church of England chaplains connected with the trading-posts in the Hudson Bay, East of Quebec and north of the St. Lawrence, the only other Protestant congregations are at Murray Bay and Tadouac, but they are only kept up during the season of summer visitors.

On every hand, Romanism presents itself in full force. Its college, convent, cathedral, parish schools, wholly theirs, and the ideas and the peculiar civilization of Romanism surround us. No restraint or interference with Protestants is attempted, but their people never attend the Protestant services, so rigid is the surveillance, and so positive is the influence of the Church. And yet the priests and the people are courteous towards Protestants; and in this region I have had more free conversations with Roman Catholic priests than anywhere in the United States. I was glad, in such a place, to do anything in my power to encourage and strengthen the little heroic band of Protestants which represents an

unusual amount of intelligence and respectability. A Sunday-school is maintained, and also a parish school for Protestant children, not, however, duly organized under the civil law, because lacking the requisite number of pupils. If there is a given number of pupils between five and fifteen years of age, children of Protestant parents, the portion of the public school tax paid by them may be devoted to defray the expenses of a school under the direction of a board of Protestant supervisors. Otherwise their money goes to the support of the schools under the Catholic board. The same conditions rule in the provinces where Protestants are in the majority. For the want of the requisite number of pupils, the Protestants at Chicoutimi educate their children at a great disadvantage. After paying their tax, they are obliged to support a school at their own expense, or leave their children to the Roman Catholic schools, where little besides reading, writing, and the catechism is taught. Even the Catholic college in Chicoutimi imparts only very inferior academic culture, being a college only in name. Many of its graduates fail in examinations for admission to the lower courses of study in Laval University at Quebec.

Not only is Chicoutimi the outpost of Protestantism at the north, in the British Dominion, but the county which extends over one hundred miles north and south, taking in the region of Lake St. John, is the outskirts of Canadian civilization. Probably three-fourths of the part now occupied has been settled within twenty-five years, and one-half of it within twelve years. The population is French Canadian, with only very slight exceptions. By far the larger part of the county is yet unoccupied. The county comprises fifteen millions of acres, or one-eighth of the province of Quebec. The village of Chicoutimi is situated on the left bank of the Saguenay, at its junction with the Chicoutimi river. The latter stream makes a beautiful waterfall of about forty to fifty feet, just before it enters the Saguenay. The Chicoutimi flows from Lake Kenogonic, fifteen miles distant, and contains great numbers of land-locked salmon. Large trout abound in the lake, one weighing ten pounds being caught last year by the rector of the English Church at Quebec.

Chicoutimi signifies "deep waters," receiving its designation from the Northern Indians who here first encountered the profound depths of the Saguenay. In 1727, Father Labrosse founded an Indian mission here. The ancient Jesuit chapel and the post of the Hudson Bay Company were situated near the confluence of the two rivers. Within the chapel (since removed) was the tomb of Father Coquait, the last of the Jesuit missionaries. By this route, the vast region northward to Hudson Bay was explored and occupied by Jesuit missionaries from Tadouac and Quebec. As early as 1647, Father Gabriel Druelletes penetrated to the James Bay, and three years later he went upon an embassy through Maine to Boston and Plymouth.

The trade of the Hudson Bay Company, at this post, was very extensive. An old bill of peltries for 1762, which I saw, shows in that year 3,644 pounds of beaver, 139 otter skins, 1,140 martins, 174 lynx, 16 bear, etc. A quaint order from the chief manager of the company to Mr. Peter Stewart, clerk of this post, will show the methods and spirit of the early times: "If any Indian tries to pass your post without selling you his furs, take the furs from him and break his head." This order was often carried out to the letter, when Indians demurred, or sought to take their furs to other traders. But the fur trade here declined, and five years ago the post was removed to Lake St. John.

Chicoutimi is a great shipping point for lumber. It was commenced over forty years ago. Forty ships load yearly with lumber, and the business in this place amounts to from one-quarter to one-half a million of dollars annually, and is owned by the powerful house of Price Bros. and Co., who own the lumber monopoly throughout most of the northern

region of the Saguenay and its tributaries, comprising 1,500 square miles. Besides this they have ten other large lumber establishments in the St. Lawrence and its tributaries west of Quebec. Nearly four hundred men are employed at Chicoutimi, besides sixty more upon the rafts driving the logs. The mill runs day and night during about seven months of the year, cutting 2,000 logs per day. Their lumber goes to London, France, Portugal, Australia and South America. Hon. David Price, of Quebec, Senator in the Canadian Parliament, is the chief member of the firm, and has five villas at Chicoutimi and Tadouac. Mr. Price and Mr. J. G. Scott, his chief agent at Chicoutimi, are highly respectable men, commanding immense influence in all this region; and around them—the former an Episcopalian and the latter a Presbyterian—the hopes of Protestantism in this section centre. Mr. Scott, upon whom the management of the business devolves, is an active promoter of the morals of the place, and no intemperate man is allowed to be numbered among his employees. For the second offense of intoxication he is forever dismissed. Under this regimen the morals of the community have incomparably improved, within a few years, and it is rare now to see an intoxicated person. Latterly the Roman Catholic priests have also stringently inculcated temperance among their people, and altogether Chicoutimi is a place of very good morals. Illegitimate births are very rare, and it is generally thought that there is very little licentiousness.

But these French Canadians are a very prolific people. Fifteen children is a very common number in their families. A remarkable instance of seven children born of the same parents within two years here exists—two pairs of twins and one triplet. In the parish of St. Jerome, about forty-five miles above here, we saw the parents of twenty-five children. I called at the house and saw the oldest (27 years) and the youngest (9 months), besides a half dozen of the intervening number. Twelve only are now living; and it is not unusual for quite half of these large families to die quite young. The parents were married at the ages eighteen and sixteen, and are now forty-six and forty-four years old. The mother is a small woman, very spare, and, as might be supposed, looks severely worn and exhausted. But they are not yet discouraged in child-bearing, and expressed the hope to have the twenty-sixth child. When the parish priest said to the father, "You must give the twenty-sixth child to me," he replied, "If you want children, you can make them for yourself." I tried to have the parents give me all the names of the children, but they said they could not remember them all, and referred me to the parish records. In the parish of St. Prince is a family with twenty-six children, and, like the other case, all by the same father and mother.

My stay at Chicoutimi was very pleasant. The scenery is wild and bold. On the side of the village the land rises up above the river in serrated ridges, covered with vegetation and terminating in a high, rimlike crest. Along the lower slopes, and even on some of the heights, dwellings are scattered. On the opposite side of the Saguenay, which is here half a mile or more in width, is a continuous bluff, much of the way rising up perpendicularly from near the water's edge, two hundred and fifty feet or more in height, with a scanty covering of shrubs, and on one of the highest points the village and church of St. Anne de Saguenay, to which ascent is gained by a small interval at the water side, and a more gradual inclination of the bluff. Beyond the bluff is cultivated land; and far away are the Marguerite Mountains, and a small stream of the same name flowing nearly parallel with the Saguenay through a wilderness bristling with wildness, and emptying into the Saguenay towards its mouth.

Hon. Felix R. Brunot, of Pittsburg, has just written a plain and impressive tract upon the wine of the Bible, which is published by J. N. Stearns, of the National Temperance Society. It is entitled, "Wine and the Truth," and argues with much force that the Bible only approves unfermented, and condemns fermented, wines.

Miscellaneous.

ADDRESS

Of Rev. J. W. Adams, fraternal delegate of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Centennial General Conference of the Free Will Baptist Church at Weirs, N. H., Camp-ground, July, 1880.

MR. PRESIDENT AND DEAR CHRISTIAN BRETHREN: Though denominationally a disciple of John Wesley, for whom my mother named me, I have esteemed it a very great privilege to look upon this grand Centennial Convention of Free Will Baptists. I thank you for the opportunity of briefly addressing you. I am glad to meet you here, that this beautiful grove, reminding us of God's first temples, may have a Baptist as well as Methodist consecration. If you do not in this wilderness, like your great prototype John the Baptist, luxuriate on "locusts and wild honey," I find you know how to provide excellent substitutes for your nourishment, and John the Methodist is right glad to share them with you. I am glad that this spot is rendered especially congenial to you, because, like "Eon near to Salim," there is "much water" here.

Mr. President, I have been glad to note the loyalty of your people to vital Christian truth, and your consequent cheerful and ardent piety. I have been interested in your historical reminiscences and in the progress of your work. With all my heart I congratulate you upon a century's life and achievement! In the name of the Free Will open communion Methodist Episcopal Church, I greet you!

I am officially deputed to extend to you the fraternal salutations of the New Hampshire Annual Conference. But I incur no risk in reaching out to you the great warm right hand of the universal Methodist Episcopal Church. Fourteen years ago we drank the cup of centennial joy, and can the better understand the emotions you now experience. At the present time we have 95 annual conferences, 13 bishops, 23,855 itinerant and local preachers, and 1,700,000 members who worship in 17,000 churches valued at \$66,650,000. We have 20,000 Sunday-schools in which 215,000 teachers and officers instruct 1,600,000 Sunday-school scholars. Besides extensive domestic missions on the frontiers and in other neglected portions of our land, we have flourishing foreign missions in India, China, Japan, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Bulgaria, Africa, Mexico and South America. In our late quadrennial General Conference, which met in May at Cincinnati, we had delegates from annual conferences of all hues and from all sides of the earth. We congratulate ourselves upon a rapid and healthful growth. We have blown the gospel trumpet and sung our victories in all the chief countries of the globe. We would, however, exclude boasting and rejoice with trembling. Such a marvelous success cannot be ascribed to mere human agency. Beholding what God hath wrought by our humble instrumentality, we would look up and say, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy great name do we give glory!"

For God's great favor to us as a people we expect forever to declare, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive honor!"

Our Church has grown up during the time and by the side of yours. Each has been impressed by the spirit of this living age, and has sought to do its work. Our denominations have many similar characteristics. A more frequent recurrence to these would be well. They have an in-born, ingrained love of civil and religious liberty. They are alike in patriotism. When the cruel slave power sought immunity and perpetuity by "secession," our Free Baptist and Methodist brethren stood side by side in defense of the Union, and mingled their blood on the decisive field of battle. Doctrinally we are substantially alike. We entertain the same views of human depravity and divine atonement, as taught in the infallible Word of God. While we believe that "death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," we believe that "Jesus Christ by the grace of God hath tasted death (vicariously) for every man." We believe that God has dignified us with that freedom of the human will, by which "whosoever will" may "take the water of life freely." We each believe that it is the privilege of every true believer to say, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." There is a firm texture in our Scriptural platform, a happy consciousness in our marked religious experiences. These form the basis of our faith in the just and irrevocable rewards and penalties to be pronounced at a future general judgment. With us, believing is not guessing, but "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of

things not seen." We claim to be consistently liberal without dishonoring the divine Christ-rock on which we stand. We claim to be safely conservative without denying that there is room enough for all who believe in that Rock to stand upon it together. It is said that an old lady who believed that the world rested upon the back of a tortoise, was hard pressed by a merciless critic as follows: "But what does the tortoise stand upon?" "He stands upon an elephant," said she. "But what does the elephant stand upon?" "He stands upon a great rock," she replied. "But what does the rock rest upon?" "That rests upon another rock," she added. "But what does that rock rest upon?" he persisted. "Why, I tell you it is rock all the way down!" We smile at the old lady's unscientific but very ingenious replies. That which was false as to the material, is true as to the spiritual. He to whom all power in heaven and earth is given, the divine, ubiquitous Christ, is our foundation. "Other foundation can no man lay"—need not be laid. He is a Rock that goes "all the way down."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Our denominations are alike in their happy mood. Knowing "that we have passed from death unto life," "we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." We are alike in our zeal. Knowing that free agents have their destiny in their own hands, "knowing the terrors of the Lord," and knowing the possibilities of eternal heirship with Christ to the heavenly inheritance, "we persuade men," "in season and out of season," warning and entreating with tears. We are alike in our aims to develop and utilize the gifts of old and young, male and female, in our social religious meetings. We are much alike in our views of clerical orders and sacramental ordinances. I venture we have as many immersed ministers, and who have immersed as many converts, as you have.

As we are somewhat older and somewhat larger than you, and inasmuch as there is such a marked congeniality between us, if it were not "leap-year" I should be inclined to "propose" that you come and keep house with us. Our peculiar system of conducting our domestic affairs might embarrass you at first. But once initiated, you would feel more at home than you imagine. A Baptist and a Methodist once discussing the peculiarities of their respective churches, the Baptist finally broke out, "I don't like so much machinery as you have—general conferences, annual conferences, quarterly conferences, love-feasts, class-meetings, etc." "Well," replied the Methodist, "we do have a great deal of machinery to our church, I admit; but it don't take half as much water to run it as it does to run yours." Matrimony has its compensations, you know. We have an abundance of room, and we could promise the bride a loving protection and an ample provision, not excepting plenty of water. As you are one hundred years old, you must be competent to reciprocate any suitable overture. But, maiden-like, I see you blush at my masculine proposition, and I beg your pardon and give you time to consider.

Casting aside this suggestive figure, we greet you as brethren beloved in the Lord! We congratulate you on the hale and vigorous condition in which you enter upon your second century! We recognize you as fellow-workers in the world-wide field, and are glad to know that the recognition is mutual. You in common with us, and with all who have been made "partakers of the divine nature," have heard the universal cry of distress which goes up from our sin-cursed and guilt-laden humanity. Recognizing Jesus as its only deliverer from the body of this death, His blood as the only fountain of its cleansing, His grace as the only balm that can heal its wounds, and His broken body as the only bread that can appease its hunger, you have organized to go forth and preach Him. Though you follow not with us, we bid you God-speed! None who are animated with such a spirit and such a purpose can be indifferent to human weal or speak lightly of Him. There is room and need enough for us all. In Christ's name, close up the ranks and press to the front!

May the common Lord make you a thousand-fold more than you are! Even then there would be room enough for us all. Again we bid you God-speed! There is not one of you who cannot, as you glance at the Methodist Episcopal Church, point to some intimate Christian friend with whom you claim kinship in the Lord—some David to whom you are a Jonathan. I imagine I see all these sitting by your side. The soul-movings scene reminds me of the 133d

Psalm. David, as if he would invoke the admiring gaze of God and angels, as well as of men, breaks forth, "Behold!" Behold what? "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Our Gospel is one. All other systems failing, this always succeeding, let us clasp hands as we re-dedicate ourselves to this benign work! May you have the largest success! While we covet members, talent, culture, wealth and effective organizations in order to the furtherance of the Gospel, may we never glory "save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," until it shall be hailed as the glad symbol of the world's redemption, "from the river unto the ends of the earth!"

In closing, I wish to say: As a representative of the great host of genuine Methodists, in my heart I shake hands with all true Free Will Baptist Christians! The delightfulness of this hour constrains me to quote in anticipation of something even more blessed,—

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet!"

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1880.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

Your correspondent from prairie-land, Dr. Goodwin, has said many good things and true about the last General Conference. Some of his sharp criticisms are doubtless deserved. We know of no one who is ready to defend the adjournment in the face of the reports of the various committees. It was wrong and indefensible. It was a Bull Run panic, rather than a wise, commendable line of conduct.

But we must say, with all deference to the writer, we do not like the general impression left by his letters. It seems as if he had seen this body through glasses sky-blue or sea-green, and wrote his observations to the HERALD in the blackest of ink. The general tone of the article is gloomy in the extreme. A sentence or two only seems to qualify the statement. The Doctor did see here and there in the crowd a lone spot of white manhood, suggesting, doubtless, the possibility that ten men might be found who could save Sodom.

Now we wish to record our decided opposition to this wholesale coloring of that representative body. To our eyes it was as white-souled as the spotless linen of Ram Chandra Bose, flecked here and there with a spot of selfishness, ambition and meanness, just enough to suggest the possible peril of Methodism, and the need of mighty prayer to God to keep us from falling. We saw all that Dr. Goodwin saw of self and electioneering; but to the praise of the body, joy of God, and the confidence and joy of the church, he said, it was confined to the very few, whom we trust, met their just deserts in the contempt and indignation of the great mass of delegates.

As a representative of the East, we take pleasure in complimenting the delegates of the great West. We were not prepared to see such evidences of unselfish love of the church, such self-abandonment to Christ, as we saw exemplified in their balloting for new bishops. The delegates with whom we came in contact seemed to be actuated solely by the one purpose, to sink sectionalism—the bane and curse of the church—and vote for the purest and best character, without regard to birthplace or home. These persons may have differed from the writer as to the persons embodying such excellencies, but the spirit, the purpose, was nevertheless lofty and pure. Had it been otherwise, with the great preponderance of the West, we should not have had all the bishops taken from east of the Alleghanies. The trading and dickering of the few ought not, therefore, to color the whole body, or the great portion of it who voted freely and conscientiously.

The more we see of the ministry of our church, the more we admire its unselfish devotion to Christ. Doubtless, the low arts of the politician are introduced among us covertly, or shamelessly, but we do hope our great church will not accept the statement wholesale, that the ministry of the Methodist Church are ready to descend to unworthy measures to gain personal and worldly ends. It is not true; and because it is not true, we ought zealously to assert the fact, and as zealously put under foot all those conduct would bring us into disrepute.

Let all who seek to rise by appeals to sectionalism, or by methods unknown to pure, unselfish, sanctified manhood, be marked, distrusted, and voted out of sight, both in Annual and General Conferences, and such abuses as Dr. Goodwin speaks of will cease to appear to vex the righteous souls of all who love Christ's cause more than they love themselves.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES CONTINUED.

Writing from Rangoon, Burmah, on the 19th of May, 1880, Mrs. Robinson says: "We have had a trying hot season. Two days ago the rains commenced, and we are expecting them to continue for six months; not a steady down-pour, but drizzling showers, which cause great dampness. Books, clothing, etc., become saturated. I am told, unless they are put away in tin boxes. But the climate is rather enjoyable, I believe." "The natives are very different looking from those we have met with in India. We live in the busiest and noisiest part of the town, and have opportunities of seeing a great many of their festal, marriage, and funeral processions. The Burmese have a grand procession a few Sundays ago. The women ride in gaily-decorated carriages, attired in their favorite colors—rose, pink, and yellow. They usually perform a dance, which consists of the most ridiculous postures one can imagine, and is in slow measure and movement. They exactly resemble, while dancing, the figures on the Japanese fans which you have seen. Their places of worship are called pagodas, and consist of pyramids of stone-work, the dome of which is entirely covered with gold leaf. They must represent a great deal of wealth. The priests are called 'Phoongies,' and are easily known by their shaven heads and yellow clothes. Their ambition is to become so absorbed in Buddha, that they shall be dead to everything around them. They believe that after death they pass into different states of being, until at last they become a part of Buddha—just as a rain-drop becomes a part of the ocean. Many times a day we hear the bell sounded which warns the people that the alms-gatherer is passing, and that they are expected to contribute for the support of the priest. Burmese and Hindustani are the principal languages. Rangoon is a very pretty place. I have had some pleasant drives out of town around the public gardens, the lakes, and through groves of pine-apples, which are plentiful and cheap. The houses are built on pillars so that they may be above ground, to prevent dampness as much as possible.

"The Baptist missionaries told us the other day that we are living very near the spot on which Judson baptized his first convert. We took breakfast last week with Dr. and Mrs. Stevens, whose daughter and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—are living with them, and are also missionaries. They have a son in the work also, who is stationed at Promé. Mr. Smith's father is the author of 'My country, 'tis of thee.' The town is laid out very like New York. The streets are numbered one way, and named in the other direction. We live at the corner of 30th and Fraser.

"We are feeling encouraged in our work. There have been some conversions, and the Sunday-school and congregation are increasing. There is a great deal of work to be done. The Baptists have sent a pastor for English work since our work was opened; and, except this, most of the Christianity is nominal, though the minister at the Scotch Kirk is a thoroughly earnest man, and co-operates heartily in all Christian work. We have a good many letters from Bangalore. We shall always remember Bangalore with a great deal of affection for many reasons. Mr. Robinson said, when leaving, 'I shall ever find such a dear people again!' I had to remind him that he made the same remark when we left Hyderabad; so we might reasonably expect to meet as good people elsewhere. We have already met with a great deal of kindness from our own members, and also from earnest Christians, who all hail the coming of Methodism with delight.

"As I am writing, the rain is pouring down in torrents, and everything feels damp and sticky. We have a very nice system of cabs here. One can be found at almost any place and time, and for a few annas will take us anywhere we want to go. This is very convenient for us, as we cannot afford to keep a horse in this expensive place, and we cannot very well get along without a conveyance. We used to get our horse's food, pay the coachman, have the horse shod and garrily oiled for the immense sum of six dollars a month, in Bangalore."

This is a pleasant picture of missionary life among the subjects of Great Britain in Burmah. The labors of the writer and her devoted husband are principally confined to the English-speaking residents; but through them they are able to make known the Gospel of Christ to the heathen autochthones. It is the theory of the apostolic Taylor that God intends to bring the nations to the knowledge of Christ by means of Europeans settled within their borders, and who teach the natives the local vernacular by the natives. He is also aware of the power of Christian song, and seeks for helpers who are specially gifted with tuneful power. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are illustrations of his ideal of Christian missionaries in this special department of evangelical toil. We shall expect to hear of a Burmese Conference within the next quarter of a century. The Baptists have found that Burmah is a fruitful soil for Christian truths. Their harvest of souls among the aboriginal Karens is wonderful. Still, they cannot do all the work that needs to be done, and there is here a demand for diversity in the essential unity of Christian life and churchness. So let Zion's HERALD be prepared to publish the list of appointments in Burmah. No doubt it will be—and that without cost to the appointees.

THE MESSENGER.

Before us lies a neatly-printed, four-page paper, about eleven by nine inches in size, printed for the publisher at the Mission Press, Rangoon. It is called the Messenger, and is distributed gratuitously among "soldiers and seamen;

on the railway, in the home," etc. Brother Robinson is both editor and publisher, and in both capacities has achieved decided success. When in New York, seven years ago, he stated his deep and abiding conviction of duty to devote himself to the ministry of Christ, more than one stirring business man expressed himself in terms of disapprobation. "Robinson," it was said, "has excellent business abilities, and can succeed in trade. Why give up to become a preacher?" Because He who gave the abilities, and gave the grace of salvation, gave also the command to give up all of time and energy and resource to "help Him save the world," as William Taylor expresses it. The consecration was gladly made, and the trained business abilities have found an ample field in India and Burmah.

The earnest Christian minister cannot content himself with preaching. Like Paul, he must write. Like Wesley, he must print, and distribute what he has printed. If not true of all, these remarks are true of many ministers. They are true of John Robinson.

One sleepless April night at Bangalore, in 1878, he covenanted with God to become His humble agent in the publication of a Gospel paper to be distributed gratuitously among all classes, in such quantities as unsolicited pecuniary help would permit, and without incurring any debt. Within a few days, a Christian lady, to whom he had never mentioned his covenant, made a voluntary proposition to issue such a paper; and, at the same time, offered funds sufficient to print the first issue of four hundred copies. He has since published the paper on the same terms and principles. The circulation has increased rapidly, and has now reached a regular issue of eight thousand copies, with about three hundred distributors in all parts of the Indian empire, including Ceylon, Burmah, and Afghanistan. "During the two years"—we quote from the Editor's Drawer—"the Lord has sent eighteen hundred and thirty-four rupees for printing and postage, without a single personal appeal for assistance." The editor's experience of the power of prayer and faith, and of the fidelity of our covenant-keeping God, are evidently along the same lines as those of George Müller and Dr. Cullis. Faith has often been severely tried; the help has been sought in pursuance of Paul's advice (Philippians 4: 7); necessary funds have always come to hand in time.

"The Messenger now goes to Africa, Aden, Afghanistan; to Bombay, Bengal, Baroda; to Ceylon, Calcutta, Central India; to the Deccan, the Punjab, Northwest Provinces, Malabar Coast. It pays regular visits to nearly fifty British regiments and batteries; it goes down to sea in many ships; it penetrates to lonely plantations and modest native stations; it meets with warm welcome in barracks, homes, hospitals, orphanages, prisons, homes of hope. It travels on every line of railway in India, and has a large constituency in the public works, telegraph, and post-office departments. It even goes to England (send coats to Newcastle); for we have heard of many soldiers who send their copies, when read, to their parents and relatives at home."

It is doing much good; has instrumentally converted readers, reclaimed drunkards and backsliders, comforted the afflicted, strengthened the spiritual life of Christians, and is read by educated non-Christian natives with interest and profit. It puts the simple truths of the Gospel before their readers in Saxon simplicity, and simply looks to the Holy Spirit to make the presentation effectual. Much of its contents consists of judicious selections. It is admirably adapted to the needs of hurried and thoughtless readers, and to foster a taste for papers of the high class represented by Zion's HERALD. Success to the Messenger, and also to its editor, who is so modest that he has left his name out of the copy before us.

SATAN'S FLEET.

Satan's is not the word prefixed to "Fleet" on the gaily-tinted card before us, and which is distributed as freely as the Messenger, but not with the same motive. The salvation of the reader is sought in India, the destruction of the reader is sought in America. How? Because the card advertises Sabbath excursions to a new island resort in Long Island Sound; a resort where a grand concert is given daily, a Rhode Island clam-bake and dinner served daily. Then there are a mammoth dancing pavilion, billiards, bowling alleys, rifle ranges, boating and bathing, and all the other amusements and appliances of Vanity Fair, whereby Prince Beelzebub inveigles immortal souls to their eternal undoing. It would be too true to suit the infernal potentate's interests to label the card Satan's Fleet, and therefore the name of the registered owner appears.

But we read between the lines of this, and all other such devil's literature, just what we have repeatedly seen in the brazen, noisy, drunken crowds that infest otherwise quiet Christian neighborhoods on Sundays; just what the New York Independent has seen in the shiftless, sensual, spendthrift multitudes who crowd the sea-coast on Sunday, and who "like the troubled sea continually cast up mire and dirt," viz., bad company, drunkenness and rowdiness, utter disrespect for the Lord's Day and its associations, exhausting physical excesses, a great deal of unnecessary labor, much money squandered, and bad influences exerted. The workmen—wives and children—do not form the staple of such excursionists. The dissolute and profane do, and by their spirit and example contaminate the decent people who associate with them. The spirit of Christ and His apostles, of our missionaries in India, is in utmost demand at home. The devil is not to be driven back by scintillating squirts of rose-water. He and his hosts must be met face to face, and no quarter given. The foolish world has always decried Puritanism, and that because it was foolish and devil-blinded. Not that

Puritanism was altogether perfect, but it showed more real good sense than all the Ruskins, Arnolds and Beechers the world ever held.

NEWSPAPER MISFEIT.

We trust that one of our younger and most popular Methodist preachers in the metropolis was misrepresented and misrepresented in the Times of the 25th inst. We cannot believe that he accepted and retailed the fictions of Peters about the Connecticut Blue Laws, or that he said, "The mother was not allowed to kiss her child" on the Sabbath. He is too intelligent not to know that many of these old stories are pure fabrications. Nor is anything to be gained in popularity or pulpit power by saying that he "who presumed to speak in the spirit of Christ should be slow to join in the wholesale denunciations of those who flock to the seaside resorts on the Sabbath day, lest he be found smiting some faded and wearied brothers and sisters, or blowing the breath of untimely wrath into the face of some drooping child." The "jaded and wearied brothers and sisters," "the drooping child," don't go to such places on Sundays in such flocks; or, if they do go once, they are morally certain not to go again. Christ's sheep don't like mud puddles, and every Sunday resort is a moral mud puddle of very unquestionable contents. As we just remarked, we doubt whether that brother said any such thing.

R. WHEATLEY.

Our Book Table.

INSTITUTE ESSAYS: Read Before the "Ministers' Institute," Providence, R. I., October, 1879. 8vo, 280 pp., price \$1.25. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. The Institute, whose lectures are published above, is a voluntary association composed chiefly of Unitarian clergymen, although the present list of essays contains a paper from a Jewish doctor and from one who has renounced Christianity for rationalism. The club meets once in two years. The chief value of the present publication is to be found in the admirable and exhaustive paper of Prof. Ezra Abbot, worth all the rest, upon the "Authority of the Fourth Gospel." It fills nearly one half of the volume, and is well worth its whole cost. Dr. Bellows writes a pleasant descriptive introduction; Rev. S. R. Catherop gives a sermon, rather than an essay, in interpretation of the inspired formula—"Father, Son and Holy Ghost;" Prof. C. C. Everett has a paper on "The Relation of Modern Philosophy to Liberalism;" Francis E. Abbot on "The Influence of Philosophy upon Christianity;" Dr. Gottlieb on "Monotheism and the Jews;" Rev. J. W. Chadwick on "The Idea of God;" Rev. John Tiffany on "The Gospel of John;" Rev. J. B. Harrison on "Social Questions;" and Rev. George Batchelor on "Ethical Law and Social Order." We are entirely of the opinion of Francis E. Abbot, in his paper, who, although he does not accept the New Testament as an inspired volume, and has outgrown Christianity, while he courteously respects it (?), affirms that the only Christianity to be found in the New Testament and defined by history is "Christian Orthodoxy." To the reader of comparative theologies the book has a special interest.

It is suggestive of the striking character of the nominee of the Republican party for the presidential chair, that the leading book publishers seem to be all sending out elaborately written lives of him. Harper & Co. were early in the field with their volume by "Edmund G. Sawyer," and Robb & Co. now issue, in paper covers, for fifty cents, THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, by Major J. M. Bundy. Illustrated. 16mo, 237 pp. The Major writes with a facile pen, and enjoys peculiar opportunities for gathering his material and for studying the character of his subject. He has made a very interesting volume.

D. Appleton & Co. issue, in a handsome octavo of 216 pages, as the Republican Text-Book for the Campaign of 1880, A FULL HISTORY OF GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD'S PUBLIC LIFE, with Other Political Information, by B. A. Hinsdale, A. M., President of Hiram College. This full and able work, by the successor in the presidential chair of Gen. Garfield, deals more with the public life of its subject than the others. The President has long been the familiar friend of Mr. Garfield, and draws his academic, his military and Congressional portraiture with a vigorous and steady hand. He meets the vicious charges which a partisan press has urged against the public life of Mr. Garfield, and affords an ample thesaurus for Republican speakers during the political campaign upon which we are now entering.

A. S. Barnes & Co. publish PRACTICAL LESSONS IN ENGLISH, made Brief by Omission of Non-Essentials, by J. M. E. Hill, A. M., Superintendent of Schools, Detroit. 16mo, 292 pp. The book is very handsomely published. It is really an original system; it seems, without the actual trial of it, to be much simpler in its definitions and analyses, one good feature is the constant application of its principles to the formation of sentences and the writing of correct English. We should like to see it tried with an intelligent class of youngsters.

Rev. W. F. Crafts has issued in London, from the press of the Sunday-School Union, one of his characteristic volumes. Indeed, it seems largely a republication of his American volume. It is entitled, THE RESCUE OF CHILD-SOULS. It has a short introduction by Dr. Vincent, and a chapter on the Kindergarten by his wife. It is a collection, and apt arrangement, of a very large number of bright and suggestive incidents and illustrations, upon the importance and methods of securing the early and highest religious culture of childhood. The work is very handsomely published.

KENT'S NEW COMMENTARY: A Manual for Young Men, by C. H. Kent, Davenport, Iowa. Published by the author. 12mo, 176 pp. In cloth, \$1.00. One naturally thinks of a legal volume—some condensed form of Kent's (legal) Commentaries. This is nothing of the kind. It is a series of graphically written and profusely illustrated chapters upon the importance of childhood as an hour for culture, upon the habits, reading, temptations, possibilities, means of success and hindrances to high attainments of young men. It is very plain and pungent, sometimes too broad for fastidious readers, but it is a very useful volume to place in the hands of young persons or to be read by their guardians.

Harper & Brothers publish, in their series of English literary men, THOMAS MOORE, THE POET; His Life and Works, by Andrew James Symington, F. R. S., N. A. The author has compiled and condensed a very interesting and sufficiently full sketch of the incidents of the life of his subject, from such previous

volumes as have been published and the additional sources accessible to him, and has presented a critical estimate, with large quotations, of all his chief poems, but he squandered it all, leaving nothing for his beautiful and unselfish wife, and family. He died at seventy-two, Feb. 26, 1832. His last days were peaceful, and passed in devout thoughtfulness and submission to God, watched over by his wife and lovingly by his wife as if he had been an infant. In his last hours he would ask her to read the Bible to him, but his great delight was to hear her sing "Come to Jesus," in the refrain of which he always joined. His last words were, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God!" Mrs. Moore received a pension of \$500 a year from the English government in consideration of her husband's literary services.

From the same house we have, MY COLLEGE DAYS, by Robert Tomes, Esq., 212 pp. This little volume seems to be the unexaggerated and interesting record of the academic and professional course of the writer, commencing with the grammar school of Columbia College in New York, recounting his experiences at Trinity College, Hartford, and his professional course at Edinburgh, Scotland. The college life commenced about 1830, and the incidents of those years, before railroads and ocean steamers, are very pleasantly told.

The Harpers also publish, GRASSY BAY: A Tale of New York Maritime Life, by Oliver Oldboy. This is a tale of low life, of fraud, forgery and attempted robbery, and a silver cord of true and faithful manhood and commendable hard running through it. It is a natural, but with little of the higher and inspiring elements of a true life in it, and receives its just retribution, and virtue its own reward.

Geo. D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati, O., publish a new edition of the SONNETS, which Philip Phillips has used in his remarkable services, as song at all around the globe. These sonnets are interspersed with appropriate Scripture, and will afford skillful leaders subjects for very profitable and attractive comment at church readings. Tens of thousands have listened to them in all parts of the world as they have been poured forth from the fervent and melodious lips of Mr. Phillips.

We have received from Davis & Parnes, New York, R. I., publishers of the New York Daily News, a beautifully printed and pleasantly written account of the progress of the commencement exercises of their popular paper. Successors to the able and enterprising proprietors.

D. Appleton & Co. publish, in ornamental paper covers, THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, profusely illustrated, embodying attractive descriptions of different summer resorts and pastimes. It is admirably adapted for car reading, and for willing away tedious hours, and is as profitable as well as entertaining. From the same house, in their New Handy Volume series, we have LITTLE COMEDIES, by Julian Sturges—short dramas for home and school reading; and FRANK MEX'S LETTERS, by Maurice Marchand—newly written sketches of Victor Hugo, Mase, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Dumas, Daudet, Zola, etc. Price 35 cents.

Dr. Charles S. Robinson has already "purchased a good degree" by his admirable volumes of church hymns and tunes. No other manuals for the service of song in the sanctuary have enjoyed such a wide distribution, and with perhaps the exception of the lately published Methodist Hymnal. This latter is confined to our denomination, while Dr. Robinson's manuals are used by scores of the large evangelical bodies. He returns his attention to a book of juvenile melodies and hymns for Sunday-schools. Scribner & Co. issue SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, selected and arranged by Robert Robinson, in the form of a very handsomely published small quarto, of 192 pages, three hundred and seventy-two hymns. The excellent taste of the compiler is shown both in the selection of the hymns and in the arrangement. The work is of the highest order, and will be examined with pleasure by the musical leaders of our Sunday-schools. Price 50 cents a copy; 40 cents by the quantity.

The Harpers issue, in their Franklin Square Library, an edition of Charles Kingsley's Bible and well-appreciated novel, Hypocrite; or, New Fables, and an Old Fable (15 cents); "Cape Cod and All Along Shore" stories by Charles Nordhoff (15 cents); "Cross Purposes," by Cecilia Findlay (10 cents); and "David Armstrong; or, Before the Dawn" (10 cents).

I. K. Funk & Co. have issued the second volume of their cheap edition of the "Orations of Demosthenes," by Justinus Valart, with a translation of the orations in Modern Paintings, and "John of Arc," by Alphonse De Lamartine.

Literary Notes.

It is said that the University Press, under Messrs. John Wilson & Son, is turning out more work than the "Riverside" and "University" combined used to. Twelve presses are running, and orders received from one Boston firm. The full number of presses run is fifty.

A superintendent of the Insane Asylum at London, Conn., being "fully satisfied that Walt Whitman is one of the greatest men, if not the very greatest man, that the world has so far produced," is going to write a book upon him and his works. There are persons who query whether he shouldn't be as intimate instead of superintendent.

Messrs. Ginn & Heath have begun the publication of the new "Harvard edition" of Shakespeare, by Rev. H. W. Hudson, into which this competent and scholarly critic has put his last word. It is undoubtedly be considered one of the best Shakespearean for the general reader as well as the scholar.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. will issue Tenison's "Dream of Fair Women" as their illustrated holiday book this year. It will be finely and fully illustrated under the supervision of Mr. Anthony.

"Records and Reminiscences of the Boston Radical Club," prepared under the direction of Mrs. John I. Sargent, the record of the various reasons and of the various ways have usurped the throne of religion in the minds of the liberal thinkers who compose the club.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish this autumn the "Cyclopaedia of Religious Poetry," prepared by Arthur Gilman and Prof. Schaff, and now rapidly passing through the Riverside Press.

New Music. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—Home Again, by H. Lichner; Friedensboten (Messenger of Peace), Salomon-Walzer, by H. Lichner; English Tattoo (Retreat), by H. Lichner; Op. 88; Sweet Bye-and-by, with variations for guitar, by W. L. Hayden; 600. Vocal—The Old Door Step, poetry by "Orlie," music by J. P. W. Stream, words and music by John Read.

The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON X.
September 3. Gen. 19: 12-26.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

LOT'S ESCAPE FROM SODOM.

I. Preliminary.

Only a night intervenes between this lesson and the last. The two angels went on their mission and found Lot sitting in the gate of Sodom, who received them courteously and invited them to spend the night at his house. While there, such disgusting proofs of the depravity of the Sodomites were given, that the celestial visitors announced to Lot the speedy destruction of the city, and urged him to hasten his escape.

II. Introduction.

The wanton, frantic "cry" of Sodom "waxed great" on the night before its doom. The loathsome ebullition of unbridled and shameful lust which occurred in the streets before the house of Lot was but a type of the reeking corruption with which the city was polluted to its very core. After smiting the rabble outside with a preternatural blindness, the angels announced to Lot the impending catastrophe, and bade him warn his family and kinsfolk to prepare for instant flight. Lot immediately went to his "sons-in-law"—either really such or by betrothal—and entreated them to rise at once and get out of the place, assuring them that "the Lord would destroy the city." But his sons-in-law treated his message as an idle tale or a derisive jest; they ridiculed his fears, and he was compelled at last to leave them without having disturbed in the least their sense of security. As the morning began to dawn, the angels hastened Lot, and when he continued to linger irresolutely, they seized him, and his wife and daughters by the hand and conducted them through the silent streets, outside the city precincts. Then they bade them "escape for life," without once looking behind, and not to halt in all the plain, but seek a retreat in the mountains. Even in this imminent crisis Lot interposed with an objection. He is afraid of some "evil" which may overtake him in the mountains, and pleads that one of his five cities may be preserved as his abode, because it is "a little one." His foolish request is granted, and his flight again hastened. The little town of Bela, afterwards named Zoar (little), was reached by the fugitives at sunrise; and just as the inhabitants of the doomed cities were awakening to another day of revelry and wickedness, a blinding, suffocating, sulphurous tempest of fire swept down upon them, and the cities and plain, wrapped in an awful conflagration, slowly subsided till the flames were quenched by the waters of the rushing lake close at hand engulfing all. Only Lot and his daughters escaped. His wife ventured to disobey the command of God; she "looked back," and became "a pillar of salt."

III. Exposition.

Verse 12. The men—called in verse 1, the "two angels." Lot seems to have been impressed with something extraordinary in their manner, for he calls them "my lords," and afterwards addressed one of them by the title of *Adoni*, "with the peculiar vowel-pointing which limits it to the Supreme Being." The person thus addressed replies in a tone of authority: "I have accepted thee; I will not overthrow, etc." Still there is no indication that either of these was the One who conversed with Abraham, and is repeatedly spoken of as Jehovah, "went up as the smoke of a furnace." As the once fertile plain, since that time, been submerged in its natural position, there was some convulsion which caused the ground to subside and thus invite the waters of the upper and original lake to overflow the beautiful and populous valley and from the shallow southern part of the present Dead Sea.

The district was liable to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions from the earliest to the latest times. We read of an earthquake in the days of King Josiah (Amos 1: 1). An earthquake in 1759 destroyed many thousands of persons in the Valley of Baalbec. Josephus reports that the Salt Sea sends up at many places black masses of asphalt which are not unlike headless bulls in shape and size. After an earthquake, in 1874, masses of asphalt were thrown up from the bottom, and in 1877 a similar cause was attended with similar results. The lake lies in the lowest part of the valley of the Jordan, and its surface is about 1,300 feet below the level of the sea. In such a hollow, exposed to the burning rays of an unclouded sun, its waters evaporate as much as it receives from the influx of the Jordan. Its present area is about forty-five miles by eight (Murphy). Whether the fire from heaven was lighted by lightning, or whether there was simply a miraculous raining down of ignited sulphur, has been variously disputed and discussed (Speaker's Commentary).

Verse 25. And He overthrew those cities, etc.—The cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboiim; Zoar having been spared for Lot's sake.

As a terrible admonition to mankind, and especially to those who are secure in sin, the Lord bears to this day all the traces of the divine judgment which was once the fate of these cities. The barrenness and deathlike stillness of all around, in the immobility of the wastes of brimstone, saltpetre, salt and asphalt, and in the hot, sulphurous springs which abound in the vicinity (Barth).

Verse 26. His wife looked back.—Her treasure was in Sodom, and her heart was there. She was probably herself a Sodomite, and hated to leave it, and distrusted the threatened danger. First, she fell in the rear, behind Lot, and then she broke the express command and looked back. *Became a pillar of salt.* A swift judgment fell upon her. She was caught in the sweeping tempest of destruction, and left a petrified figure upon the plain. "The dashing spray of the salt sulphurous rain seems to have suffocated her, and then encrusted her whole body. She may have burned to a cinder in the furious conflagration. She is a memorable example of the danger of looking back, and of the necessity of the halting and backsliding" (Murphy).

She looked back—she could not believe that God would destroy so beautiful a capital. He would crush so busy and industrious a population, quench its gay splendors, terminate its brilliant career; she began to say within herself, "Perhaps this husband of mine is getting into his dotage; perhaps these persons he calls angels may have been some companions of his own as stupid and superstitious as himself." And then she began to think of the ruggedness of the way: "That husband of mine is galling as if the flames were behind him; he is dragging me over thorny roads, up steep hills; and I hear nothing from him but 'Flee! flee!'" And I am giving up this beautiful metropolis, this dear society, this splendid companionship, this beautiful home of mine, every flower in whose garden I know, and for what? For that bleak mountain or that contemptible hamlet called Zoar?" and then she resolved to "look back" (Cumming).

IV. Gleanings.

1. When Lot, in his greed for gold, was willing to exchange his nomad tent,

upon the scene. *Escape for thy life*—an urgent, pre-emptory command, designed to impress Lot that there was no time to trifle, that his very life was in imminent peril and could be saved only by flight. *Look not behind thee*—not even one guilty look back at the forsaken treasures. Every muscle must be strained, and the eye be single to the one purpose of reaching a place of safety. *Neither stay in all the plain*—The whole fertile region which had caught his eye when he made his worldly choice and separated from Abraham, was to be included in the coming catastrophe. *Escape to the mountain*—above the reach of danger from the flood of fire which would soon submerge the plain.

Verse 18. *Not so, my Lord*.—Even in this crisis of extreme personal danger, Lot foolishly wants his own way.

Verse 19. *I cannot escape to the mountain*—as though He who sent him there could not protect him there; as though when his life was at stake, it mattered what the refuge was if it were only safe. What the "evil" was that Lot dreaded in the mountains of Moab we do not know, but the beautiful acknowledgment with which this verse opens is badly blurred by this exhibition of distrust in God's protection.

Verse 20. *This city is near*.—The little hamlet of Bela, one of the five cities, lay conveniently near. Its smallness, Lot thought, might save it from destruction, and he might find there a safe retreat. He prays for permission to "escape thither."

Verse 21. *I will not overthrow this city*.—God does not uphold his folly, but mercifully grants his request and spares Bela for his sake. The mistake of his choice soon became apparent, for he found him voluntarily leaving the place and seeking a refuge in the very mountains to which he had declined to go. (See verse 30.)

This instance should fix firmly in our minds the conviction that we can never gain anything by attempting to improve upon God's appointments. We will choose for us infinitely better than we can for ourselves. Let us learn, moreover, another lesson from this incident, and that is, that Lot on this occasion, still met with a favorable hearing, what efficacy may we conceive to pertain to those prayers which are prompted by a yet more believing spirit, and framed more distinctly in accordance with the revealed will of heaven? (Bush.)

Verse 22. *Cannot do anything till, etc.*—Judgment must wait till you are safe—such is God's method towards you. Zoar—meaning "little," because Lot had so called it (verse 20); its name had been Bela. The location is uncertain. It is mentioned in Dent. 34, as having been included in Moses' survey from the top of Pisgah, and is there connected with "the plain of Jericho." Some locate it at the southeastern end of the Dead Sea, and others on the peninsula which projects into it.

Verse 23. *The sun was risen*.—The period between the dawn and sunrise was occupied with the flight. The sun rose as usual, and there was no premonition of the fiery deluge just ready to fall.

Verse 24. *The Lord rained upon Sodom, etc.*—That terrible destruction was wrought by God himself is most distinctly stated in this passage: "Jehovah rained brimstone and fire from Jehovah out of heaven;" its method has caused a good deal of discussion. It is difficult to depart from the precise statement in the text that a miraculous rain of burning sulphur fell upon these devoted cities, kindling an awful conflagration, and lighting also the asphalt and other combustible materials with which the vale of Siddim abounded (Gen. 14: 10), so that "the smoke of the country," as viewed by Abraham from the heights of Mamre, "went up as the smoke of a furnace." As the once fertile plain, since that time, been submerged in its natural position, there was some convulsion which caused the ground to subside and thus invite the waters of the upper and original lake to overflow the beautiful and populous valley and from the shallow southern part of the present Dead Sea.

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IV. Gleanings.

1. When Lot, in his greed for gold,

for the foul city's wicked streets, how in the shipwreck of all he had and all he loved, how in the earthquake-shattered city and the lightning-riven plain, how in the putrescent scum and glistening slime of that salt and bitter sea which rolled its bituminous horror where his garden pastures had smiled before—how, I say, did he learn that God means even the most innocent-hearted to keep far away from sin? The devil tempts us when he thrusts sin before us; but when we approach it of our own selves, it is then we who tempt the devil. He who dallies with temptation is *never safe*. People say that such and such a man had a sudden fall, but no fall is sudden. In every instance the crisis of the moment is decided only by the tenor of the life; nor, since the world began, has any man been dragged ever into the domain of evil, who had not strayed carelessly, or gazed curiously, or lingered guiltily, beside its verge (Farrar, *Silence and Voices of God*).

2. For long ages the story of a woman, dug from no quarry and cut by no sculptor's chisel, stood with its cold gray eyes turned on the sea that entombed the slimmers, but not the sin, of Sodom. Lonely and awful figure, on her the traveler who skirted the shores of the Dead Sea, and shepherds tending their flocks on the neighboring mountains, gazed with wonder and terror; and never did living preacher deliver such a sermon on the words, "No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God," as that dumb statue. But time, the destroyer of all things, has not spared it; travelers have searched in vain for a relic more valuable and impressive far than the finest marbles of Greece and Rome. There is not a vestige of it to be found. See who, loving the present world too well, looked back on Sodom, has ceased to exist in stone, but she still lives in sacred story; and amid this world's temptation we would do well to think of and often recall the words, "Remember Lot's wife!" (Guthrie.)

3. Read the annals of the cities of ancient days, and see what they destroyed them. It was not foreign force, but internal evil. Nations die suicides. They are never slain; they slay themselves. A people right within will never see a foe that will master it from without. Rome, the widow of two civilizations—Paganism and Romanism—what a wreck it is to-day! Persia, that crossed the Hellespont with her ships, is a ruin, and nothing more. Corinth, Athens, whence their departed greatness? The fact is, no wisdom in a nation's cabinet, no eloquence in a nation's senate, no courage in its soldiers, no valor in its sailors, no prestige of an ancient greatness, no thrilling memory of a thousand victories, nothing that seems strength in the sight of man, is any real strength or defense of a nation that has cast off the fear of God, and the practice of true godliness and religion (Cumming).

NEW YORK EAST DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING.

For many years, down to about 1855, an annual camp-meeting of the old style was held in the western part of the town of Redding, Fairfield County, Conn., but it was superseded by meetings in other localities, and no camp-meeting has been held in this district since. In process of time the Danbury and Norwalk railroad was built, and a depot established within a short distance of the grove, the beauty of which was such that the railroad company this year cleared, beautified and improved it for Sunday-school picnics, temperance meetings, etc., naming it "Brookside Park."

In passing it last spring it occurred to me that as a financial venture, it would pay the company to modify their plans so far as to accommodate it to camp-meeting uses. The directors of the road acquired and erected a large pavilion capable of seating about two thousand people, and a lodging house for preachers, and gave us the free use of all. The previous plan led them to introduce water from a neighboring mountain, forming a fountain in the park, to dam the stream flowing near, thus producing a pretty sheet of water, and in various ways making the place attractive, at an expense of \$7,000.

Aug. 9-14, we held our first meeting, and were favored with delightful weather. Large congregations and about sixty preachers attended, five thousand people or more frequently being present at once. We did not send far for preachers, but availed ourselves of the talent at hand, having written to some twenty brethren to be ready if needed. We were favored with the ministrations of Rev. G. C. Spencer, C. S. Wing, Mrs. W. B. Skidmore (address on foreign missions in the interest of the W. F. M. Society, to which we gave \$500), C. P. Corner, G. L. Taylor, J. H. Lightbourn, J. E. Seear, A. K. Sanford (presiding elder of Poughkeepsie district), M. L. Scudder, L. Richardson, B. M. Adams, W. C. Steele, and S. H. Bray. The preaching was earnest and evangelical, most of it excellent and powerful, moving many Christians to covenant with God to lead better lives, and a few sinners to seek the Lord. There was a daily Bible reading at 9 o'clock, which was blessed with the presence of the Holy Spirit.

The \$200 expended in furnishing the preachers' house with cots, blankets, pillows, etc., to accommodate sixty sleepers, and the expenses of the meeting—about \$175—were paid by the collections, and thus the new enterprise is launched free of debt. Though as great results as we hoped for were not realized, we are thankful for what was accomplished, and pray that the good begun will mightily increase.

W. T. H.

Art thou tossed about in a rough sea of troubles? Be not afraid! Be patient! Believe in Him who rules the storm, and when He says to the mighty wind and threatening waves, "Peace, be still!" there shall be a great calm. Listen, therefore, in the midst of the tempest, for the voice of the Lord of Hosts!

Daniel Wise.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only, and is superior to lime juice or lemons for making "lemonade" or other drinks.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES. AUG. 24, 1880.

APPLES—New, 50¢ @ \$1.50 per bush. BANANAS—\$1.25 @ 1.75 per bush. BEANS—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. BUTTER—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. EGGS—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. FLOUR—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. HAMS—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. LARD—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. MEAT—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. MILK—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. OLIVE OIL—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. RICE—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. SUGAR—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. TEA—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. WINE—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush.

BEANS—Western and Northern Peas, \$1.75 @ 1.50 per bush; medium range from \$1.50 @ 1.50. BUTTER—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. EGGS—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. FLOUR—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. HAMS—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. LARD—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. MEAT—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. MILK—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. OLIVE OIL—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. RICE—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. SUGAR—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. TEA—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush. WINE—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush.

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880.

The grove meetings in this vicinity, held during last week, have been occasions of much spiritual interest. The audiences have been large, the preaching simple and earnest, the social exercises animated and profitable, and the results in the quickening of Christian disciples and the awakening of impenitent persons have been very encouraging. As churches do not attend these meetings now so much in bodies as heretofore, but are rather spread abroad in cottages, the immediate influence in the various societies represented will not be so apparent. But those who have felt their hearts kindled afresh with holy affections must bear the heavenly torch to their brethren. The pastors have been invigorated by both rest and the refreshment of these services. Now is the time for our active campaign. It should begin at once. Before the inevitable and terrible lecture season opens, the earnest evangelical work of the church should be commenced and urged forward. Now is the acceptable time; this is the day of salvation.

Some of our most earnest and judicious temperance men of Maine deprecate the movement to form, for this election, a State temperance party. There may be no question as to the lack of heartiness in the great temperance reform on the part of certain officials of the Republican party; but it is the only party by which any aid has been given, or can be hoped for, in the advancement of this vital movement. It has already given to the State, and thus far perpetuated, one of the best and most efficiently executed prohibitory laws in the country. The influence of the third party upon the temperance cause in Massachusetts has not been especially encouraging. If not as its result, certainly as its occasion, the whole harmony of the temperance prohibitory legislation has been broken up. This year the only positive result in Maine that can be looked for would be the defeat of the one party alone which stands for prohibition; it would simply be administering punishment to the Republican party, at a most serious cost, without the slightest gain to the moral reform advocated. With such a national peril as is now before the country, it seems the height of imprudence and moral blindness to divide the forces that stand for national unity, for civil justice, and for principles which have cost the nation immense treasure and tens of thousands of lives.

There are some souls in the church so timid that they shrink from special observation as do sensitive plants from the touch of the human hand. These are apt to be silent disciples, rarely if ever speaking in presence of others concerning spiritual things. People endowed with bolder natures often censure these silent ones, uncharitably charging their silence more to a presumed lack of piety than to a peculiarly sensitive nature which is its true cause. Nevertheless, these quiet ones often possess a visible degree of piety which is far more eloquent than the finest speech unsustained by spotless living. Such persons should not be harshly rebuked for their silence, but encouraged to speak of Jesus by kind, persuasive words, both for their own and others' sake. Such speaking would intensify their own religious love, and quicken that of their fellow disciples.

Fickle as the wind is the unsanctified human heart. A young disciple, speaking of himself, once said, "Now the pulse beats with love to Jesus; now it beats responsively to some carnal liking." But when his heart had matured he exclaimed, "How blessed to be ever resting on the arm of the Beloved! His arm is revealed in the word of the Gospel and we lean on it by simple confidence of faith." Yes, it is faith working by love which cures fickleness and enables the purified believer to exclaim, "It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect."

The man, the minister especially, who wishes to make his life as fruitful as possible, will do well to follow the advice which Bishop Potter gave to John Wesley, and which the latter followed to a remarkable degree. "If," said the

good Bishop, "you wish to be extensively useful, you must not spend your time in contending for or against things of a disputable nature, but in testifying against notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness." This is a golden sentence, inasmuch as it is an immeasurably better deed to save one soul than to be victor in ten thousand idle disputations.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CONFERENCE.

During the late meeting of the Wesleyan Conference, at the City Road Chapel, London, one of the most interesting and important sessions was devoted to an animated and devout consideration of the painful fact of a decrease, small indeed but still serious, in membership. This fact occasioned the more earnest inquiry as it has occurred now for three years in succession.

The leading men of the connection took part in the conversation, which was opened very impressively by the newly elected President, Rev. E. E. Jenkins. Drs. James, Rigg, Pope, and Osborn, ex-President McAulay, and others spoke on the question, not in an oratorical manner, for present effect, but in an eminently thoughtful, suggestive and practical way. We have often wished the routine business of our annual conferences could be circumscribed by smaller limits, and that several sessions might be, in this way, devoted to informal and instructive conversations upon the character and progress of the work of God among us, the obstacles it encounters, and the best measures to secure its highest success. Such a conversation upon the missionary theme and our other leading charities might be made more useful and effective than our present anniversaries.

At the session alluded to, the various natural occasions for this falling away were suggested. In some of the mining districts where work had ceased, the inability to pay the small weekly assessment had kept many from class-meeting, and this had brought about their loss of membership. This suggestion led to the more general statement that while the society—meaning the members in the fellowship of the body—had decreased, the church—the regular attendants and supporters of Methodist worship—had increased. The regular attendance upon class-meeting with the Wesleyans alone secures the continuance of membership; by absence from it they lose their society tickets which are the certificates of their relation to the body. There was no desire expressed to let down this ancient discipline in order to broaden the privileges of the church. Indeed, the lack of more searching inquisition in reference to the real spiritual life and practical present piety of the membership, was insisted upon as one of the most efficient modes of securing the ancient moral power of the Wesleyan body. They esteemed it better to be even fewer in numbers and to be more heartily consecrated to God, than to lower the standard so far as to make little distinction between the world and the Church.

The neglect of the early conversion of the childhood of the church and its careful and constant nurture within the fold, was insisted upon as a serious occasion of loss of membership. The secular character of the modern Sunday-school festivals, and the great revival of interest in worldly amusements by church members generally; the lack of seriousness in life—not sourness, not asceticism, not a forbidding solemnity, but a sweet, earnest, winning seriousness, such as must have marked the character and life of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth—were occasions of loss of moral power. In the Lord Jesus there never appeared levity, but such manifest grace and loveliness that little children ran to His arms, broken-hearted penitents hung upon His words, and Pharisees turned away rebuked and abashed.

Dr. Rigg, one of the most able and thoughtful of the body, doubtless fell upon a fundamental truth—as, indeed, he is very apt to do whenever he speaks. He thought there had not, after all, been so great a change in the Wesleyan body as in the surrounding churches. While he lamented a lack of devout consecration in the membership and ministry, and was impressed with many of the occasions for criticism in the modern religious modes, especially in the Sunday-school, he thought the chief occasion of the apparent falling off of large accessions to the church arose from the much greater activity and piety of the sister evangelical bodies. In the early years of the Wesleyan revival, there was scarcely any spiritual life in the Established Church, and but little more in the Nonconforming bodies. Now they had become, many of them, examples of earnest Christian consecration. In the same parish where the Wesleyan chapel stood, and its itinerants heralded a free and full salvation, the Episcopal

rector was alive to all the interests of Christ's kingdom, and engaged in the most active endeavors to reach the unconverted masses in the community and to gather the children into the fold. These churches have the additional attraction of social influence and wealth. Other churches were sharing with the Wesleyan body in all their informal and vigorous efforts to preach the Gospel to those that most needed it, and to awaken Christians to their personal and relative religious duties. Wesleyanism had no longer the charm of novelty. It did not alone offer the fervent believer the only opportunity to secure the best Scriptural nourishment, or afford him the only means of working for the salvation of others.

This, without doubt, is equally true in reference to the Methodist Church in the United States. Thus far our statistics of membership have had an annual increase, not so great of late by any means, in proportion to our numbers, as in earlier years. Without doubt the enforcement of the severe discipline of former days, requiring attendance upon class-meetings, secured a more efficient working body, a more vigorous aggressive movement, and prevented in a good degree the growth of a worldly spirit among us; still one very marked occasion of the slower growth of the church in later years, has been the wonderful change in the preaching, in the doctrines urged, in the management of social services, and in the prevailing religious atmosphere of the sister churches. A Methodist now sits in the pew of a Congregational church and listens to the sermon without hearing a sentence that conflicts with the opinions in which he has been trained. He finds the prayer-meeting much like his own in impromptu singing, praying, and speaking, and the same earnestness for the salvation of the unconverted.

It only remains that Wesleyan and Methodist must redouble their zeal and earnestness. We are not sorry to witness this holy activity in our neighbors, but it must be to us an inspiration to fresh consecration. We must now especially look to our children. The positive increase of the church will be by their salvation. We must not depend so much upon external measures, but develop more and more the pious activities of the church herself. Her mission is not exhausted. If she is established for anything, it is to illustrate and preach, by precept and example, Scriptural holiness—a cheerful, sweet, and devout Gospel. Would that a fresh dispensation of this grace might fall upon us!

LETTER FROM CHAUTAUQUA.

Would you like to spend three weeks or thereabouts at the summer school of the North? Then prepare yourself with clothing to suit every kind of temperature, especially cold, with a back that never tires of sleeping on hard beds and sitting on board seats, with a palate that unquestioningly accepts what is offered under the name by which it goes, a digestion that as unsatisfyingly disposes of any cookery, nerves which will stand the tension of living among ten thousand people day and night, and of listening to music from band, choir or jubilee singers nearly all of the twenty-four hours, and a brain that can comprehend and retain all or part of the four lectures and two normal classes daily, to say nothing of platform meetings, reunions, congresses, conferences, concerts, round tables and anniversaries, and you will, in a phrase of American coinage and adoption, "have a good time." But if you endeavor to write a condensed description for a newspaper, you won't, and will very likely from an *embarras de richesses* say despairingly, "What shall I write about?"

The salient points of the days since I wrote you have been, first, the reunion of the Chautauqua alumni on Thursday evening, Aug. 12. They gathered four or five hundred strong at the amphitheatre, formed six divisions, each representing a year with its banner in front, and marched to the auditorium already packed with many thousands of people, where among several speeches of merit, Dr. Vincent delivered the annual address, clearly setting forth the central Chautauqua idea, which is to keep culture always subservient to religion, and to so educate men and women that they may see God in everything and become able teachers of His Word. At the close of the speaking the whole population rushed to the lake-side to witness a scene of unparalleled brilliancy—an illuminated fleet of five large steamboats and multitudes of smaller crafts and row-boats floating or dashing about in the darkness and bombarding each other with rockets, Roman candles, serpents, etc. The hissing of the fire as it dropped into the water, the deep reflection of red, yellow, green and blue Bengal lights,

the music of bands, whistling of engines and shouts of the people, combined to create a sensation which is rarely experienced twice in a lifetime.

Friday—National day, as it was called—was another of our sensations. The platform was draped with stars and stripes, the amphitheatre was divided into compartments for the different States, patriotic hymns and songs were sung, the platform was filled with delegates from Canada, among whom Rev. Dr. Potts, of Toronto, sat pre-eminent, and a magnificent address was delivered by the Schuyler Colfax on the unexampled prosperity of our nation in 1880, the resources of the country, the progress and spread of our civilization, the beneficent effects of immigration, and the axiomatic fact that only by national integrity can a nation continue in prosperity. In the afternoon the Congregationalists had possession of the platform, when, in addition to two college presidents and representatives from New England and the Pacific coast, they presented as one of their speakers the Boston lion, Joseph Cook, who in a twenty minutes' speech drew a tribute to Plymouth Rock, paid a picture of what true Congregationalism is as opposed to Unitarianism and Independency, and told what it, in the development of Puritan ideas, has done for our national institutions. Mr. Cook has since delivered three regular lectures and a sermon—the sermon on Total Abstinence, the St. Botolph Club, Mrs. Hayes and the Temperance Women. The first lecture was on "The Church for the Times," its doctrines and deeds, its simple theology and common-sense suggestions somewhat astonishing those accustomed to believe that Joseph Cook thinks in protoplasmic terms, and always evolves a terminology not always to be found in dictionaries. The second lecture, on "Some Atrocities of Modern Infidelity"—which atrocities are the attempts of Robert Ingersoll to secure the repeal of the postal laws concerning the transmission of obscene literature—consisted mainly of a prelude in which the speaker vindicated himself from the charge of Spiritualism. "It is Potiphar's wife," said he, "and my name is Joseph. I have asked my friend Beard to draw a cartoon of my coat dropped in my flight, and picked up by certain editors, who assert that it is a living man." The third lecture, on "The Three Despised Races—Chinese, Indian and Freedmen," was rather more political in its nature than the others have been, and ended by calling upon three pledges from the audience to work for the just execution of laws founded on the fourteenth and fifteenth constitutional amendments. And that reminds me of another lecture, which has caused a great deal of talk—"Nescience of Future Contingencies a Divine Necessity," delivered by Rev. Dr. McCabe. Of its profundity, logic, and clear thought, there could be but one opinion; but to deny omniscience to Deity, founding the argument on human conceptions of what God ought to do and be, is, to say the least, in antagonism with the theology of a large number of Chautauquans.

A new feature was introduced into the programme this week, namely, denominational Sunday-school congresses, eleven of which met in different places on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons to discuss questions connected with the possible improvement of the schools of their own denomination. Many good addresses were made, many good things said, but even a good newspaper correspondent can only be in one place at the same time.

Sunday, being the seventh anniversary of the formation of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, was given up to them and to the temperance question. Miss F. E. Willard, president of the Union, presided, and spoke at the close of the Sunday night platform meeting; Mrs. Youmans of Canada, Mrs. Lathrop of Michigan, and Mrs. Woodbridge of Ohio, being the other speakers. Three conferences and a children's meeting made up the temperance services of this busy day, in addition to the morning Sunday-school which numbered over 4,900 members. Miss Willard's address was entitled, "Mrs. Hayes and Temperance at the White House," and at its close she announced that those who appreciate the work of this noble woman in making total abstinence principles fashionable in high places, and desire to perpetuate the influence, are collecting a fund with which to have painted a portrait of Mrs. Hayes to be hung in the White House as a lasting memorial. The best artist that can be found is to be employed.

Tuesday, Aug. 17, was appropriated here to the commemoration of Robert Raikes and the centenary of Sunday-schools, and under the circumstances one expected some great

things. Only two houses, however, were allotted; there were no flags and very little music. Mr. Miller, president of the grounds, presided, and gave a brief history of the improvement of Sunday-schools within his recollections. Dr. W. L. Withrow, editor and publisher of M. E. Sunday-school publications in Canada, told the usual centennial story, and Dr. J. H. Vincent described his own experience at the English celebration, and described the original English Sunday-school idea, the English idea imported into America and modified by American institutions, and the true American idea as more recently developed. He then said that this development proved the Sunday-school to be a divinely-appointed church work, old as the New Testament; and for this reason Chautauqua has not made more of the centennial, in order that such emphasis should not be put upon Robert Raikes as to make children think that he was the originator of the principle. In the evening, however, there was another brilliant scene, viz., the camp-fire of the C. L. S. C. (Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle), to which the society marched in procession and around which some very witty and weighty speeches were delivered.

By the time this reaches you, the closing services will be over, bells will have stopped ringing, fire-works expired in the darkness, farewell addresses died into silence, farewell greetings floated away upon the breezes of the lake; the lingering Chautauquans will be making preparations to close up their sylvan houses, especially if the weather is as cool as it has been these few past days, and the Sunday-school Assembly of 1880 will be a thing of the past except to those who, carrying away its diploma, go back to their Sunday-school classes with better preparation and renewed consecration to their work; or, having become members of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Society, enthusiastically commence the year's course of reading which it prescribes.

Aug. 18. M. E. WINSLOW.

A DASH INTO MAINE.

The editor made last week a short dash into Maine to attend two camp-meetings where he had been pledged for some time. This prevented his responding to the brethren who seemed to have some claims upon him in this vicinity. A half score of meetings were held simultaneously last week, but none lacked ample ministerial service. Our readers will hear from their secretaries of the interesting succession of profitable exercises that occurred in every case. At Old Orchard, Me., the so-called Ecumenical meeting was held. It was the third protracted service on the same grounds this season, and another is to follow. It becomes rather too severe a strain for limited human nature to bear so long a daily succession of sermons and services of prayer. What is more serious, it weakens the effect of the whole, and in a measure cheapens both preaching and social services, and lets down rather than tones up the religious life. It drops into monotony or takes on the appearance of unemotional cant. The great, gay and sober crowds that frequent the immense boarding-houses do not attend in considerable numbers these meetings, except on Sundays. On this day there is a rush from every direction, and many thousands are present. Of the influence of this, purely as a means of grace, the opinions of good men may differ. It is certainly better to sit in the shadow of the beautiful grove, under the resounding sentences of our devout and eloquent Dr. J. O. Peck, than to drive over the beaches or bathe in the surf. The residents in the tents upon the camp-meeting grounds generally frequent the services, and these make a large audience. During last week many attractive names were announced as preachers, such as Dr. C. Allen, Dr. Ridgway, of Cincinnati, Revs. A. B. Kendig and C. Munger, Dr. Newman, Rev. J. W. Hamilton, Dr. Lowrey, and others. The gatherings at the stand and in the tabernacle were large, the services were spirited, often powerful, many ministers were present, and there was much reason to hope that good results will follow. The details of the meeting will be given by our special correspondent. Old Orchard at the camp-ground has to wrestle with an apparently invincible outspread of yield, ing sand. Within the grove the dust is sometimes afflicting, but it is generally covered with leaves and charmingly shaded, but the approaches are simply overwhelming. It will require time and much money to overcome this. If they could secure a very broad street, digging off the intervening hills of sand, directly to the beach, with wide sidewalks, it would be a consummation greatly to be desired. Houses, with imported gardens, would soon line this street on both sides, and bathers would not have to wade the sands before they waded in the laughing seas. The beach with its eight miles of smooth, moist, solid surface, is simply wonderful. We should think, on Wednesday, at noon, several thousand people were tossing in the surf or gazing upon the dripping bathers. All the hotels are crowded this season; those on the beach are the most popular, save that the lack of sewerage creates a very unpleasant possibility in reference to their sanitary condition. Tents are crowded in here almost as thickly (and for a longer period) as at a country camp-ground.

We met on the stand in the grove, at service time, the venerable and beloved Rev. D. B. Randall. He has very much improved in health. His face bears the pallor of previous suffering, but he exhibits much of the old physical and mental vigor. May his most ardent hopes, and the wishes and prayers of troops of friends, be fully realized! Without stopping for dinner, after preaching in Old Orchard, we started for Poland—a railroad ride of over thirty miles—and reached the camp-ground there in time to preach another sermon in the afternoon. This is a very beautiful and neatly-arranged forest sanctuary. It is about three miles from the celebrated Springs with its popular hotel, which is situated upon a very elevated level of land commanding a wonderful and varied prospect in every direction. The camp-ground is in a dense, young, hard wood grove. A large number of neat cottages have been erected; there are many society houses, large and commodious; one, the Park St., Lewiston, has a well-seated chapel capable of holding several hundred. The stand is attractive, and the well-arranged seats can accommodate a very large audience. The best of all its material comforts is the fact (perhaps with the exception of the admirably appointed boarding-house) that the trustees have no debt, but have—an astonishing phenomenon in these days—money in the treasury. Presiding Elder C. C. Mason has his meeting fully in hand, and everything moves on with ease and regularity. There was a fine body of preachers present, ready for prayer, for praise, for preaching or exhortation, and happily familiar with the blessed old Methodist shout of thankfulness. Dr. B. F. Tefft is now living in the town, and was an active and able participant in the exercises of the occasion. Our local correspondent will gather up the incidents of this delightful meeting. It was good to be there. After supper, our excellent lay brother Thomas, of Lewiston, took us in his buggy behind his handsome and lively horse, and in an hour's moonlight ride brought us to his home. After ten o'clock, we rode the same mild and clear beams, we rode over the principal streets of this vigorous manufacturing town, took the cars before eleven, and the next morning were at our desk writing of our short and bloodless, but grateful, and we hope gracious, raid into Maine.

Editorial Items.

A correspondent in a late issue of the *Congregationalist* embodies in his letter a pathetic note from a mother in reference to her daughter, who has fallen into a habit of doubting, and become quite a young "agnostic." Her nearest female friends, one of them a graduate of a college for ladies, and the other quite an intellectual young woman, are of the same "know-nothing" condition of mind, although still professed members of an evangelical church. The correspondent attributes it rather to the morally unguarded condition of some of these popular colleges, and the serious spiritual exposure in them of inadequately defended young women. There is probably considerable occasion for the earnest editorial remarks that follow in reference to the danger suggested and the serious evil of the introduction into our American life of a body of educated skeptical mothers. But it is by no means chiefly the neglect of the college officers, most of whom are pronounced in the Christian faith, that occasions this result. We have known this to occur where young ladies have lived in devout homes and simply recited in college classes, and in our most earnest Christian institutions where the religious element was assiduously cultivated. Doubt is in the air. A certain class of young minds of both sexes seem predestined to a course of it, as inevitably as to the measles and mumps. There is a pride of intellectual independence, of assuming the unpopular side of an argument, of being impartial and open to reason and conviction, and of thinking out and through for one's self everything in heaven and earth and under the earth. This is amazingly attractive in our days to the young scholar of a certain type, of both classes. If the case is wisely managed, the disease will not be very protracted nor become dangerous. It is always foolish to doctor the symptoms. The treatment must be wholly constitutional, and "expectant" rather than "heroic." There must be no astonishment and horror manifested. There is no need of a "quarantine." There should not be the slightest approach to persecution. Joseph Cook need not be invited to hold an argument with the sufferer; it will simply excite the patient and increase the fever. The matter should not be everlastingly harped upon, and every friend told, in a melancholy tone, of the awful fact. Make home piety sweeter and more powerful; invite to common Christian work; send the moral patient out herself upon personal services for the poor and sick; attend in company warm and wise religious exercises. Wisdom is justified of her children. God is His own interpreter. He that doeth His will shall know of the doctrine. A baptism of the Holy Spirit is a certain, as it is a safe and permanent, cure.

In a very appreciative and generous editorial upon the Free Will Baptist denomination, Dr. Buckley, having given a sketch of the life and religious experience of Rev. Benjamin Randall, the father of this body, remarks that it is interesting to conjecture what might have happened if Methodism had reached New Hampshire about the time Benjamin Randall felt constrained to leave the Calvinist Baptist Church. We know very well, and are thankful to God for it, what did happen when Methodism reached his vicinity. She received into her nurturing bosom his son, afterwards the Rev. D. B. Randall, now the excellent and respected member of the Maine Conference. There has always been a warm sympathy between the denominations; never more sincere

and general than it is to-day. We are pleased to see the growth in numbers and social power of this independent, fervent and devout body of Christian disciples. We looked with pleasure last week upon the slightly buildings of Bates College and the Theological School at Lewiston, Me., with the pleasant recollections of the able faculty, resident, specially attractive under the light of a full moon. This institution, which is bestowing a thorough training upon its pupils, is under the supervision and patronage of our Free Baptist brethren. We hope the recent decision of the Commissioners under the will of the late Mr. Bates, declining to pay from the estate the \$100,000 which he pledged, will be overruled. It certainly ought to be if it is withheld for the reason suggested by a newspaper rumor, that a part of the amount to be raised to secure this gift was not paid in money, but in well-secured notes. It would be a great loss to the college and to the city which it honors to lose this endowment.

We look upon it as a great act of unwisdom for our political managers, of the Republican persuasion, to engage Mr. Ingersoll to deliver addresses in advocacy of the party candidates. He was wisely kept back from seconding the nominations at Chicago because he has rendered himself so offensive by his blasphemous to the religious portion of the community. He has fallen of nomination to office in his own district at this account. Now he delivers his light but popular and verbally eloquent political speeches before great audiences, and thus advertises and draws multitudes to his evening and Sabbath tirades against revealed religion. With thoughtful people such an advocacy of a political policy would drive off rather than draw intelligent suffrage. Mr. Theodore Parker used to say he lectured on principle. The people would not come to hear him preach, but they would hear his lectures, and through these he could secure a wide hearing of views that were otherwise offensive to an orthodox audience. This is Mr. Ingersoll's policy. It is not that Mr. Ingersoll is an unbeliever in God and the Bible; we object to his public political tirades, but because he upholds a vicious freedom in the circulation of impure literature through the public mails, and boldly and constantly tramples in public addresses upon all the divine sanctions of right living and upon the most sacred hopes and beliefs of the Christian world. Let him speak where he can find audience, but let us not sanction him by giving him such significant public recognition, and in this way really invite our young people to hear him ridicule the salvation of the New Testament.

The Miss Mary Gay Robinson, whose name is occasionally seen among our correspondents, is not the daughter of Dr. Abel Stevens, as some have inferred, but, we believe, of the late Professor Robinson of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. Mrs. Mary S. Robinson, who is also a frequent writer for our columns, is the daughter of Dr. Stevens, formerly editor of this paper. The article of Miss Gay Robinson upon Switzerland, published a week or two since, had several unaccountable geographical blunders in it which were overlooked until the paper was issued. They occurred, probably, from the haste of copying her journal of travel by the writer. It would be pretty difficult to find Zurich on Lake Constance, as it rests on a beautiful shelf of water between other slips of like character, which we are glad to see, our traveled young people immediately noticed, and gave the editor an inverted blessing for overlooking.

The Eleventh Annual Report of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our Church, which was presented and read at the late meeting in Columbus, Ohio, by Mrs. J. T. Gracey, Recording Secretary, has now been published, and makes a very interesting and encouraging document. It contains also the quadrennial report which was made to the late General Conference, which was published in full at the time in our paper. The large and inspiring statistics of the report, and many of its impressive incidents, have been heretofore given in our columns. The whole report should be carefully read by our ladies. It would be a good thing to read portions of it at a session in the ladies' prayer-meetings, if these excellent social means of grace have not already gone out of date with us. We want constant inspiration in the cause of missions, and such a fresh and affecting report as this cannot fail to arouse any devout heart to thankfulness and earnestness in Christian work.

Rev. C. C. Goss secured by much labor and expense a centennial picture of our leading ministers and laymen. The original picture, finely framed, hangs in the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway. From this Bro. Goss has had fac-similes struck off by the Alberty process, 22 inches and 28 in size, on fine plate paper. The portraits are easily distinguished, although the name is appended to each. A few require, however, identification; the great body, however, are very readily recognized. It is a remarkable picture. Some of the portraits can hardly be obtained now in any other form. It is a fine centennial memorial of Methodism, and will be a welcome picture in many homes. It is sold for \$3 each. Proofs \$5. Proofs by Rev. C. C. Goss & Co., 97 Varick St., New York City.

Dr. Warren, of the Northern Alliance, calls attention, in a private note, to certain distinctions which, he thinks, obviate the objection made in our last issue to the action of the General Conference committee on boundaries. We shall publish the note in our next paper, our columns being crowded this week.

The Family.

THE INFINITE LOVE.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Had I wings of the morning to fly away
To the uttermost parts of earth or sea,
The love of God would be there to stay
The feet that falter, and comfort me.

Were I shrouded in darkness, dense and chill,
In night unlit by a single star,
I should feel the hand of my Father still
To guide my feet where green pastures are.

In the times of trial and deep distress
I know that God will my sorrow see,
And I'll find in the infinite tenderness
A balm to strengthen and comfort me.

Oh, eyes that are on me in night or day,
Oh, love that is near us in storm or day,
Let me have no thoughts I would hide away—
Let mine and the will of God be one!

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

One who is to travel in Switzerland and Savoy should be prepared for disappointments. Many of the places noted in the guide-books he will find devoid of interest, save for the fact that they are here. If in America, they would not attract his attention. They must be visited, because they are in the route, and to break long journeys; but, chiefly, because it is "the thing." Other places, however, will exceed expectation and abundantly repay the toil and cost required to reach them.

The beauty of Lake Lucerne—the clearness of its waters, the shimmer of green upon its surface, the matchless scenery upon its banks—can never be exaggerated. Geneva is a larger lake, scarcely inferior in loveliness. Near its head, and washed upon three sides by its waters, is the celebrated Castle of Chillon. In front of this castle is the Ile de Paix, upon which Byron's "Prisoner" looked out, just large enough to afford standing room for three elms, and preserved now by a bank wall from destruction by the waves. Perhaps no place in Europe, except the Tower of London, so abounds in horrors as this old castle. Its dark, damp dungeons chill both body and soul. Here is the Hall of Justice, where justice was so constantly disregarded; the stairway down which condemned victims were passed; the torture room, with its charred cross upon which they were raised with heavy stones attached to their feet, and then a fire kindled beneath; the prison where each huge pillar of stone supports an iron ring to which prisoners were chained, and which is surrounded by a deep-worn path trodden by a Bonnard or some other victim whose feet, for a term of years, knew no other walk. Then there is the narrow dungeon whose only couch is a smooth ledge of living rock, where many a victim spent the last dreadful night before his execution; and next to this is the hall of death where sharp eyes can still distinguish through the gloom the ghostly outlines of the beams on which so many human forms have hung; and the place is pointed out, now happily closed forever, through which the lifeless bodies were cast out into the lake beneath.

In another part of the castle is the room of disappointed hopes, where victims were taken with the promise of release, and their hopes cruelly mocked. Blindfolded they were told to step down into light and liberty; but the third step precipitated them a hundred feet, into a dark pit, upon the rocks or into the water. And last, one should visit (if after all this he can) the chapel, in which the name of religion was invoked to sanction such atrocities.

Near Lake Lucerne is Mt. Rigi, one of the most attractive of Swiss mountains. It is nearly as high as Mt. Washington, if the guide-books are to be believed, though it does not seem so. The railroad ascent is not remarkable, and its topmost summit is covered with verdure and abounds in loveliest Alpine flowers. From Interlachen the view of the Jungfrau is very fine; and nothing can surpass the chaste beauty of the pure white cone of the Silverhorn. When Chamouni is reached, Mont Blanc, crowned with eternal snow and flanked by perpetual glaciers, leaves nothing more to be desired; it is the perfection of mountains.

But if the scenery of these regions is often exhilarating, the condition of the people is often depressing. This is the fault of their religion rather than of their government. Everywhere the blighting influences of Romanism are manifest. One need not be long in a city here to tell what is the prevailing form of faith. Fribourg, where more than nine-tenths of the population are Roman Catholic, presents a strong contrast to Bern, where nearly as large a proportion are Protestant. In the country districts Romanism is well-nigh universal, and here its effects are most apparent. The roadside, even among the mountains, abounds in shrines at once touching and lamentable. One cannot pass them without

a feeling of reverential pity—reverence for the piety and pity for the ignorance that here twines its flowers. These poor worshippers may thus find rest, but surely not enlightenment. The mean little village of Martigny, at the mouth of the Tete Noire pass, is cursed by cretinism. In former years this canton has been so shut in by itself that near relatives have for generations intermarried. The union of brother and sister has been no unusual thing. The result is physical and mental degeneracy, bringing forth its saddest fruit in dwarfs and cripples, imbeciles and idiots. Other parts of the land are suffering, in differing degrees, from the same cause.

The position of woman is another evidence of a low state of civilization. In the cottage, in the market, in the shop, and in the field, she is the chief burden-bearer. She carries the basket or draws the loaded cart, while her husband lies in the cool shade or follows leisurely on behind. How great the need of a pure religion to up the hill-sides, even as the sun illumines the lakes and bathes in light the mountains! E. M. S.

Aug. 2, 1880.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

"Although St. Francis was unwearied in his devotion, yet if during her prayers she was called away by her husband or any domestic duty, she would close the book cheerfully, saying that a wife and mother, when called upon, must quit her God at the altar, to find him in her household affairs."

How infinite and sweet Thou everywhere,
And all-abounding love Thy service is;
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,
My petty every-day, and fresh and fair
Four Thy strong tides into my crevices,
Until their silence ripples into prayer.

Thy full glory may abound, increase,
And so Thy likeness shall be formed in me,
I pray. The answer is not rest or peace,
But charges, duties, wants, anxieties,
Till there seems room for everything but
Thee, And never time for anything but these.

And I should fear, but lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold;
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a lily.
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee.

—SCOTT COOLIDGE, in Independent.

WAITING FOR THE OPPORTUNITY.

It was a dark night; the mud was deep; the wind roared and howled fiendishly, and Mercy was alone. Alone, did I say? No, she was not alone, for Christ was near.

Mercy Freehold lived in the wing of her brother's great house "alone," people said. She sat at her machine stitching vests from Monday until Saturday; she had but few callers, and they were mostly the near neighbors who cared but little to hear anything that lay near her heart. So Mercy toiled on, wishing and longing for some kindred spirit to take up the thread of her thought and unwind it at will.

The wind whistled on. Mercy seldom went out at night, but the sounds from her brother's room jarred upon her, and she folded her work at the first touch of a church bell. Some meeting! She knew it was not there she usually attended, but no matter; she would go out into the cool air; perhaps she would gain a word of comfort.

No one missed her as she passed through. She opened the vestry door of a large and beautiful church and looked in. About twenty men sat talking of the markets, and two or three women of dress. The bell began to toll. A few more sauntered in. One young woman entered, in tears. Mercy passed up the side aisle and took a seat near her. She was young and handsome, but life was a mistake some way with her. Mercy saw at a glance. Her heart went out in pity, and she asked Jesus to permit her to offer comfort.

The minister came in; two prayers were offered; several songs sung; a short discourse was given, and the pastor called for volunteers. What wonder that no one responded? They had taken the world into the meeting with them, and the world with its cares and interests could not agree with that of Christ's kingdom. The pastor urged in vain; they sang once more. Mercy rose and asked if women were permitted to speak there.

"They never have," said the pastor, "but I should be glad to hear them if they would favor us." Mercy told in a trembling voice of the great joy she had experienced of late in serving Christ—told her need of a present Saviour, of His wonderful love to her, of His condescension and power to save to the uttermost all who look unto Him for help. She might have spoken five minutes, or ten, she never knew, but as she sat down the pastor said, "Thank God for one Christian present!" Three brethren rose one after another to testify to the truths of God's word. Their religion seemed to be in the abstract, not the living, vital life of the present.

Then came a pause. Another sister rose. She was a stranger to all present, to all in the city, but not to God. He had stood by her through everything—through sickness, through mental distress caused by loss of all her family, through financial distress, and even in prosperity; and "she came before them to-night," she said, "determined to speak of Christ before the world." She had been waiting for the opportunity a long time to proclaim Christ to a dying world. "Wake up, brethren," she said cheerfully, "God is here! Wake up, sisters! I repeat it, God is here. Show forth His praise; shout aloud His name; give thanks, and sing; for the Lord, He is God, He is a great God, and demands thy praise!"

The weeping one broke forth into song so rich and sweet that every one was spell-bound: "Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song; for His own right hand and His holy arm have gotten Him the victory." She sang, with a look of triumph on her brow, and then passed out. Mercy's eyes watched her until she closed the door. She would gladly have gone too, but she waited and prayed. The benediction followed, and all silently walked homeward. The feast of good things followed into many a home, and bore fruit to the glory of God.

There is in our meetings a great deal of "waiting for the opportunity," while those who wait never speak. Burst forth into song; shout for joy, all ye waste places of the earth, for the Lord he is God! Proclaim aloud His truths, all ye who love His name; and forget not to assemble yourselves together to do this. Oh, remember the days of the past, and the forgiveness of our God, and tell of this loving Christ from day to day! Speak for Him everywhere, and bring all you can reach into the fold of the tender, loving Shepherd of souls.

AUNTIE DEE.

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Tell the fainting in the weary form,
There's a world of the purest bliss
That is linked as that soul and form are linked,
By a covered bridge with this.

Yet to reach that realm on the other shore,
To climb that path of a transient gloom,
And must walk unseen, unhelped, and alone,
Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
For the universal toll
Is the outer garb, which the hand of God
Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim, and the bridge is dark,
And the river it spans is wide,
Yet faith points through to a shining mount
That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet, in the next day's march,
To climb up that golden ridge,
We must all lie down for a night's rest
Inside of the covered bridge.

The Little Folks.

"DIDN'T THINK."

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

I wonder if any of you children know the little girl I am going to describe. For fear you may, I shall only give you her first name, for I suppose she would be very much mortified if she were to find out that I have told you about her. My reason for doing this is because I want you to know what trouble "didn't think" caused this child, what a dreadful scrape she got into, and how sorry she was. I am almost sure she will be more careful in future, for that she suffered very much I think you will all agree. Her name is Maud, and all this happened last summer when she and her mother were in the country.

Maud was then eight years old, a very bright, attractive child, and petted and indulged by almost every one about her. There was one exception to this, however, in her Uncle Ben, who did not always approve of the child's behavior, and at these times was frank enough to tell her so. Of course Maud called this scolding, but it was nothing of the kind. I have seen many little girls who don't seem to know the difference between a mild rebuke and what they are pleased to call a "good scolding." However, among other things which she was very fond of doing, Maud liked to array herself in her mother's long dresses, with a trained skirt, fashionable hat, and diamond earrings tied to her ears, and thus she would assume herself for hours; and as her mamma was very indulgent, she was allowed many such privileges, always, however, being charged to be lady. I have often wondered at this lady, for I have known this little girl to leave an elegant black silk trained skirt in the middle of the floor, and run out to play. When her mamma reproved her for such conduct, what do you think her excuse was? Always this, and never anything else—"I didn't think, mamma."

Now Maud had no children to play with in this great farmhouse, and I suppose she was very lonely at times; but, after all, this is slight excuse for her bad behavior.

Maud's Aunt Kate was making preparations for her wedding, and the rooms upstairs were filled with pretty and expensive things. The wedding dress was a rich white silk, and it seemed to be very strange that mamma and Aunt Kate

didn't see the longing eyes that Maud cast in its direction. It was hanging over the foot of the bed in the spare chamber, and Maud, when she was sure no one was near, used to sneak in and close the door, and examine and handle the fine ornaments and dresses to her heart's content. I dislike the word "sneak" very much, and hate to use it, but when this little girl waited and watched her opportunity to slip into a room unperceived, she was a sneak and nothing else. Aunt Kate caught her there once, but Maud heard her coming in time to get away from the dress, and appeared to be busy in another part of the room.

"What are you in here for?" asked auntie.
"Cause," replied Maud.
"Cause is no reason," said the lady.
"Why did you come in here?"
"I didn't think," answered the child.
This was a story, and Maud should have been punished for a deliberate falsehood; but her aunt merely said—
"That is no excuse either; but, Maud, I shall expect you to think in future, and keep out of this room."

Five minutes after this, Maud was out in the yard feeding the hens, and singing as merrily as could be, having quite forgotten her aunt's reproof and her own falsehood. Uncle Ben had taught her just how to distribute the dough, and had cautioned her more than once against throwing it about and scaring the fowls. This gentleman was kindness itself to all the dumb creatures on the farm, and never allowed them to be hurt if he could help it. I should think for about a minute Maud threw out the dough properly, and then casting a glance around to be sure no one was looking, she commenced to make balls of the dough, and to throw them at the rooster. He, not knowing what to make of such treatment, set up a fearful noise, and flew around the yard like a mad creature. This started the hens, and they scattered in every direction—some of them on the shed, some on the fences, and others into the farthest corner of the hen-house. It so happened that Uncle Ben was weeding the vegetable garden, and when he heard Maud calling the hens, he thought he would peep through the fence and see if she did it properly. So just as she was about to throw the last ball of dough at the last poor little chicken who was too frightened to run, Uncle Ben stood by her side. I believe he shook her. I'm sure I hope he did, for she richly deserved it.

"What did you do that for, Maud?" he inquired, in the deep tones of anger.
"I didn't think," Uncle Ben, she cried, trying to get away from the big hand. Then he took her into the house, and shut her up in the buttery, and turned away without saying another word to her. The cook found her there a few minutes afterward, so she didn't have much punishment after all.

That very afternoon Maud's mother and Aunt Kate went to town shopping, and the little girl was left with Anna, the chambermaid. She and Bridget, the cook, were busy in the shed ironing, so Maud had everything her own way. If she was a good girl, she was to have some French candy; if she touched anything she had been told not to, or got into mischief of any kind, her new doll "Elise" was to be taken away from her for a month. All this they thought would insure her good behavior; but alas! they didn't know how naughty this little girl was.

Now let me tell you exactly how she managed. She stood on the piazza and watched the carriage out of sight; then she jumped into the swing, and sat there awhile, looking for all the world as if she were in deep thought. I am very certain she was; doubtless planning the mischief which she afterwards executed. She might have remained in the swing five minutes—I am sure it was no longer—and then (can you believe it is true?) she started straight for the room she had been forbidden to enter. Once here she could do anything she pleased. The girls were a long way off, and there was no danger of being interrupted; so at it went. The first thing she did was to put on the white silk skirt. This she pinned over at the waist till it fitted her. Then she opened the lid of Aunt Kate's Saratoga trunk, and took out the bridal veil. This she arranged with hair-pins and a piece of white ribbon from Aunt Kate's upper drawer. Gloves she couldn't find, and thinking her toilet was not complete without them, she strode into Aunt's room, as became a lady with a white silk train, and appropriated a pair of black kids. Then she thought her hair of her mamma's diamond earrings. These she took from the jewel box, and tied on with some white thread. It didn't take her long to get her hands into the gloves, for they were full sized too large for her; and then she started down stairs, out of the front door, across the road to the barn and pig-sty. Whatever induced her to go to such an out-of-the-way place, I can never tell you, unless it was to show off to the pigs. I suppose this must have been the case; for, after climbing to the top of the fence, she seated herself on a loose board, and began talking to them.

"How do you do, pigs?" she said, as she arranged her bridal veil more gracefully. "I am very pleased to see you, pigs. I pray you don't know that I've been ditting married. My husband will be here pooty soon, pigs, and then he'll tell you where we're going to travel." The pigs, thinking they were going to be fed, drew near, and grunted furiously.
"Keep still, piggies," she continued; "my husband will give you some cake and wine when he tuns."
Just at that moment the wicked little bride stooped to arrange her veil, and bending a little too far forward, over her white poly-poly, higglyty-pigglety, right into the pen. It seems to me the pigs must have laughed at that disaster. I don't see how they could have helped it. Her screams reached Uncle Ben's ears, and he went flying over to the pig-sty. He dragged her out some way—how I never could tell—and wasn't it a wonder that she didn't lose her mamma's diamonds?

There happened to be a wheelbarrow standing near, and Uncle Ben motioned for her to get into it. Then he wheeled her over to the back door and dumped her out, as one might a load of dirt, and walked off and left her. I have heard of folks being too angry to speak. I guess this was his case.

Of course the dress and veil were utterly ruined, and Aunt Kate had to buy new ones. It was found afterwards that the fall had sprained her arm very badly, and they all thought that was punishment enough. What do you think about it? They are sure she never will forget how she felt when those pigs were rooting round her. Her mamma said Maud was so badly frightened that it was a whole month before she could sleep without the most dreadful dreams. When her aunt asked her how she came to do such a thing, all the answer she made was—"I didn't think."

Those of you who are tempted to say this, just think of little Maud, and don't do it.

LOVED TOO LATE.

Year after year, with a glad content,
In and out of our home he went—
Ever for the skies we were clear;
His heart carried the care and fear,
The care and doubt.

Our hands held with a careless hold
All in and out of honor and gold
He won and paid.
O dear hands that our burdens bore—
Hands that shall toll for us no more,
Never again!

Oh, it was hard to learn our loss,
Bearing half the heavy cross—
To say with an aching heart and head,
"Would to God that the love now dead
Were here once more!"

For when the love we held too tight
Was gone away from our speech and sight,
No bitter tears,
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning grief could pay the debt
Of countless years.

Oh, now with the sweet love lingers near,
Gripping the tender words of cheer,
Leave none unsaid,
For the heart can have no sadder fate
Than some day to awake—too late—
And find love dead!

—Harper's Weekly.

Miscellany.

HE ALSO SERVES HIS WATTS.

I once knew a workman, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day.

He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass, indeed anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give a color in the room. He was a quiet, unassuming Scotchman; but never went home at night without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in. I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real and conscious fellowship with him. The workman made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down the sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word of this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you, seriously, that entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse flure by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it up on the sanded plank to go; thus he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right around the corner out of sight stood a hundred stalwart workmen from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had even seen with his own eyes.—*Methodist Protestant.*

WEARING BRIGHT FACES.
"Why don't you laugh, mother?" said a little three-year-old daughter, as her mother, with rather clouded countenance, was dressing the little one. The earnest tone of the child provoked the wished-for laugh, and the little heart was happy.

And, mothers, I fear we do not laugh enough. The housekeeping is so onerous, the children so often trying to nerves and temper, the servant most exasperating, and even John, kind good husband as he is, cannot understand our vexations and discouragements; and so, wearied and worried, we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ringing out, but if mother's laugh fails, even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of one of Joanna Baillie's dramas—
"Her little child had caught the trick of grief,
And sighed and its playthings"—
we may catch a glimpse of the stern, repressed life at Bothwell House, where the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson. I remember well hearing a lady say, "When a child, I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful."

Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary even to exert the facial muscles, and you have to make a ring out of it, which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel the better for the effort, and so will the children. The little ones, unconsciously to you and to themselves, are catching the very phases of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother; parlor, nursery and kitchen all feel the effect of your smile or frown. The cheery laugh of a mother goes down through generations, as well as her frown. And when the

mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children and friends can give than, "She was always bright and cheerful at home."—*Lucy Randolph Fleming.*

A HINT TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband, when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one at least, is the fairest face in the world; that the heart which is to her the greatest and noblest, holds her in its utmost recesses above all other women, gives strength and courage and sweetness and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart will blossom, and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

... The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes, and who has not seen more than one window-blind?

... An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and noble fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly; which one would you prefer, the waiter or the cook?"

... "How charming it is to have plants in your office," remarked a discerning observer that is so—that is, "assented the lawyer, 'they are so handy to spit in.' The caller shivered."

... He was from the mountain side, and was his first glad sight. "I wish you'd skim that scum, sir; I ain't payin' for no froth."

... A religious contemporary remarks: "The editor of this paper writes his editorials on his back." To which a class-leader in a people respond: "We write ours on paper. It comes handier for us, and is much more convenient for the printers."

... Miller (with little account owing): "Is your mamma at home, dear?" "Intelligent little girl: 'No, she is not.' " "When will she be at home?" "Intelligent little girl: 'I don't know, but I'll go and ask her.'"

... "There's something about your daughter," Mr. Waughsap said, reflecting the difference between something about your daughter—"Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is; I had noticed it myself. It comes from her father's side. He was a good fellow, but he was a bit of a scoundrel, and it doesn't get away usually till about 2 o'clock. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there's in it."

... A four-year-old Sunday-school girl did the best she could with a question that was asked of the infant class. Said the teacher, reading from Isaiah 57: 1: "And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes." Now what does that mean, children? "He rent his clothes," said the little lad. "Well, if you know, tell me." "Please, ma'am," said the child, timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

... A confident teacher in Sunday-schools, wishing to illustrate the difference between fiction and history, once came to sudden grief. He told, in a graphic style, the story of Jack and the beanstalk, to the delight of his youthful audience. It didn't trouble them at all that the story was not true, and when he asked them, "Boys, do you believe the story?" they cried out, with one voice, "No, sir; no, sir." Being pleased with this success, he went on to tell the historical story of David killing the huge Goliath with his sling. The boys listened with equal delight—it was a mission school—and when he asked, confidently, "Do you believe this story, boys?" the answer came as promptly as before, "No, sir; no, sir." An explosion of laughter was inevitable, even from grave superintendent and teachers, and the eloquent speaker was at his wits' end.

GENES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.
"Religion would not have enemies," says Massillon, "if it were not an enemy to their vices."

... When God would educate a man, He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the necessities of life, to the graces, that by knowing all suffering, he may know also the eternal consolation.—*Celia Burleigh.*

Peace, peace,
Look for its bright increase;
Deepening, widening, year by year,
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and clear;
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,
For His word and His work shall never fail,
And He is "our peace."

Frances Ridley Haegeral.

... The blood of Christ knows no bounds to its efficacy. If your sins were as sands by the seashore, immeasurable, that ocean can cover them all. If they rose to heaven, like range upon range of Alpine heights, the sky of His love can cover them all.

... One truly Christian life will do more to prove the divine origin of Christianity than heavy lectures. Hence it is of much greater importance to develop Christian character than to exhibit Christian evidences.—*J. Monro Gibson.*

... There is no portion of our time that is so time, and the rest God; there is no portion of money that is so money, and the rest God's money. It is all His; He made it all, gives it all, and He has simply trusted it to us for His service. A servant has two purses, the master's and his own; but we have only one.—*Monod.*

... One crack in the lantern may let in the wind to blow out the light; one leak unattended will sink the ship and drown the board; one unguarded point will cause ruin of character; one sin cherished will destroy the soul.

... Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower, which in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; refreshing as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing a sweet fragrance, standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers."

... Come in, O strong and deep love of Jesus, like the sea at the flood of spring tides, cover all my powers, drown all my sins, wash out all my cares, lift up my earth-bound soul, and float it right up to the Lord's feet; and there let me lie, a poor broken shell, washed up by His love, having no virtue or value; and only venturing to whisper to Him that if He will put His ear to me, He will hear within my heart faint echoes of the waves of His own love, which have brought me where it is my delight to lie, even at His feet forever.—*Spurgeon.*

Religious Items.

The Journal of the General Conference of 1880 will be published in October.

Dr. Jessup writes that the Church of Beyroot, Syria, has consented to call a pastor of its own country, and to provide for his support.

Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is writing a biography of his father, the late Dr. L. L. Pierce.

Bishop Bowman stated a few days ago, at a dedication of a church at Downer's Grove, Ill., that he had dedicated about 1,000 churches.

Miss Whately, of England, has a school at Cairo, among the Mohammedans, of 500 pupils. She is doing an excellent work there.

Rev. W. D. M. Trotter, of the Christian Conference, and the first editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, died at his home in Jacksonville, Ill., July 2.

Miss Dora Schoonmaker, for some years in Japan as a missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, has become Mrs. Professor Sigel, of Chicago.

Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, brother of C. H. Spurgeon, has just received an acy amounting to about \$25,000, bequeathed to him by a member of a former congregation.

Rev. Dr. H. Moore, late president of Cincinnati Wesleyan College, has recently with his family for Denver, Colorado, the place of his future residence.

Rev. Dr. Johnson, for so many years head of the Wesleyan publishing house, recently has for some time been a feeble health, and has resigned the office of Book Steward.

A memorial window, to which many can have contributed largely, will be placed in Canon Farrar's Church, St. Margaret's, Westminster, London, in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The last Sabbath in July closed the first year of worship of the Central Church in the Brooklyn Rink, Rev. J. D. Fulton, pastor. The church had expended \$1,000 on its edifice, \$34,000.

The wife of the late eminent Wesleyan minister, Rev. John Farrar, died July 12, aged 84 years. The *London Methodist* says: "She had been a member of the

Chauncy-Hall.

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Special attention is lavished on children from 9 to 15 years old in the lowest class of the Upper Department. Instead of a flag taught by a woman, they are put under instruction of several men—women of high education, long experience, who hold standing meetings for the purpose of gradually discussing the problems of the pupils for judicious encouragement or correction.

NY third year of this course gives an account of the extraordinary care taken in all sanitary matters; and of the preparation not only in its very thorough Business course, but also in training for College and the literature of Technology, also of course for high school graduates for both sexes who wish to acquire before entering on legal studies.

At the recent examination for admission to the Institute every candidate presented. Chauncy was admitted on conditions, though the fee was larger than from any school in the country.

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14 Beautiful Steps
Including the famous
Vox Celeste,
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Beginning Monday,
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Ample provision for
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EXCURSION FARE
TRAINS ON THE
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Able preaching, &
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be expected
For particulars see circular
J. W. WILLET
P. E. NEW
Cottage City, Aug. 12, 1880

Hamilton Car
Asbury Grove is in ex
over 100 families are resid
have been let than ever be
offered at reasonable price
Tents can be hired for tri
low prices. Inquire of A.
The Store and Post offic
vegetable, baker and milk
daily.
Barges are at the Wen

Buy at your depots "Can be sure and have them e post-office for return tick Lots to let for the erecti tents and cottages. Address all mail matt Mass."

The Camp-meeting will c'ose on the 24th, all notic withstanding.

Temperance O
AT MARTHA'S GR **MAIN**
Commences Monday, A
Some of the best speakers
has been engaged.

Portland District
commences at the same
25th, and holds over the
best preaching talent of
Board and lodging
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A new boarding and lodg
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Fare from Portland, S
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\$5,000
The American
WARREN
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BLACK
That is now so exte
CHILDREN

Which was introduced in the above amount has been usually. This Black Magic, as described, is a grade it is worn on all grades the Metal Tip would not be used. They all have our Trademark stamped on front of Tip. Parents should ASK **BEAUTIFUL** on them when purchasing

85



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Church, School, Fire-alarm. Fine- ...
6th 1500 testimonials, prices, etc. ...

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Address or call on **DANIEL F. BEATTY**, Washington, New Jersey

AN OLD STYLE

Methodist Camp-Meeting

WILL BE HELD AT

SILVER LAKE GROVE.

Beginning Monday, Aug. 30th. Closing

Saturday, Sept. 4th.

Ample provision for board and lodg-

ing at low prices.

EXCURSION FARES AND EXTRA TRAINS ON THE OLD COLONY RAILROAD.

Able preaching, grand singing and earnest Christian work may be expected.

For particulars see colored and large posters.

J. W. WILLEY.

P. E. New Bedford District.

Cottage City, Oct. 12, 1880. 86

Hamilton Camp Meeting.

Asbury Grove is in excellent condition, and over 100 families are residing there. More cottages have been let than ever before so early; others are offered at reasonable prices.

Tents can be hired for the week or season at very low prices. Inquire of A. D. Walt, Ipswich.

The Store and Post office are open; meat, fish, vegetable, baker and milk wagons visit the grove daily.

Wares are at the Wharfen depot on arrival of trains.

Buy at your depots "Camp-Meeting Tickets," and be sure have them exchange at the grove post-office for return tickets.

Look to let for the erection of 100 or private tents and cottages.

practical as especially adapted for infants and young children. Avoid the many new, untested imitations, wherever you go, and the World's Best, on every label. **Sold by Druggists everywhere.**

THE WHITE IS KING.

It is the finest, most perfect skin cream ever made. It is the only one that will keep the skin white, soft and smooth. It is the only one that will keep the skin white, soft and smooth. It is the only one that will keep the skin white, soft and smooth.

Addresses all mail matter to "Asbury Grove, Mass."

The camp-meeting will begin Aug. 17th, and close on the 24th, all notices to the contrary not withstanding. 81

Temperance Camp-Meeting
AT MARTHA'S GROVE, FRYEBURG, MAINE.

Commences Monday, Aug. 2nd and closes Wednesday Aug. 24th.

Some of the best speaking talent in the country has been engaged.

Portland District Camp - Meeting

commences at the same place, Wednesday, Aug. 20th, and holds over the Sabbath; some of the best preaching (as noted by the church) is expected. Board of a lodging place, \$2.00
Board and lodging per week, \$5.00
A new boarding and lodging house has been erected on the corner of Third and Third streets, with comfortable rooms by the day, several are accommodated.
Fare from Portland, Sebago Lake and intermediate stations on P. and O. Railroad to Frye Island and return, \$1.25. Other stations on P. and O. Railroad half fare.

GEO. L. KIMBALL, Sec'y, M. C. S. C. M. A.

85

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EDWARD K. HALL & CO.
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Manufacturers of all kinds of SILK and COTTON Surgical Elastic Bandages.

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WARRANT THEIR
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THIGH HOSE, KNEE CAPS, THIGH
KNEE HOSE, ANKLETS, AD' BELT
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BLACK TIP

That is now so extensively worn on
CHILDREN'S SHOES
TO WEAR AS LONG AS THE METAL,
Which was introduced by them, and by which
the shoe is made to last longer.

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Established 1826. Belts for all parts

usually. This Black Tip will save all the trouble as well as the expense of having the hair cut, as besides being worn on the counter design it is worn on fine and costly shampoos, and the Metal Tip on account of its looks would not be used. They all have our Trade Mark A. S. T. Co. stamped on from the inside.

Parents should ASK FOR SHOES with this

BEAUTIFUL BLACK TIP on them when purchasing for their children.

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Republican Manual—Historical, Documentary, Biographical, Statistical, Political, and Social. The Manual is published annually. It contains the most complete and reliable information on the history, geography, and political and social conditions of the United States. It is a valuable reference work for all students of American history and politics. It is published by the **Republican Manual Co.** of New York City. It is sold by subscription. The price is \$1.00 per volume. It is a valuable reference work for all students of American history and politics. It is published by the **Republican Manual Co.** of New York City. It is sold by subscription. The price is \$1.00 per volume.

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
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